

**CAN ROCK HUDSON SAVE HIS MARRIAGE?**

MARCH • 25c

# Screenland

PLUS  
**TV-LAND**

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIALS ROOM  
FEB 7 1958

**Are Natalie Wood  
and Bob Wagner  
right for each other?**

**Sheilah Graham's  
Hollywood Lowdown**

**BY MRS. ROSSANO BRAZZI:  
My husband is  
a little boy!"**



LIZ TAYLOR



# FREE 2 HIT PARADE RECORD SONGS BY ANY OF THESE STARS WITH YOUR ORDER FOR HIT PARADE RECORDS

Check Speed:

- ☐ 45 R.P.M.  
☐ 78 R.P.M.

A \$16.00 VALUE  
FOR ONLY \$2.98  
FOR READERS  
OF Screenland  
MAGAZINE



☐ PATTI  
PAGE



☐ FRANKIE  
LAINE



☐ ROSEMARY  
CLOONEY



☐ GEORGIA  
GIBBS



☐ DORIS  
DAY



☐ SARAH  
VAUGHAN

## 18 HIT PARADE RECORD SONGS \$2.98

The top stars of Radio, TV, Stage and Screen bring you your favorite records at amazing savings.

A \$16.00 VALUE FOR \$2.98 FOR READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE



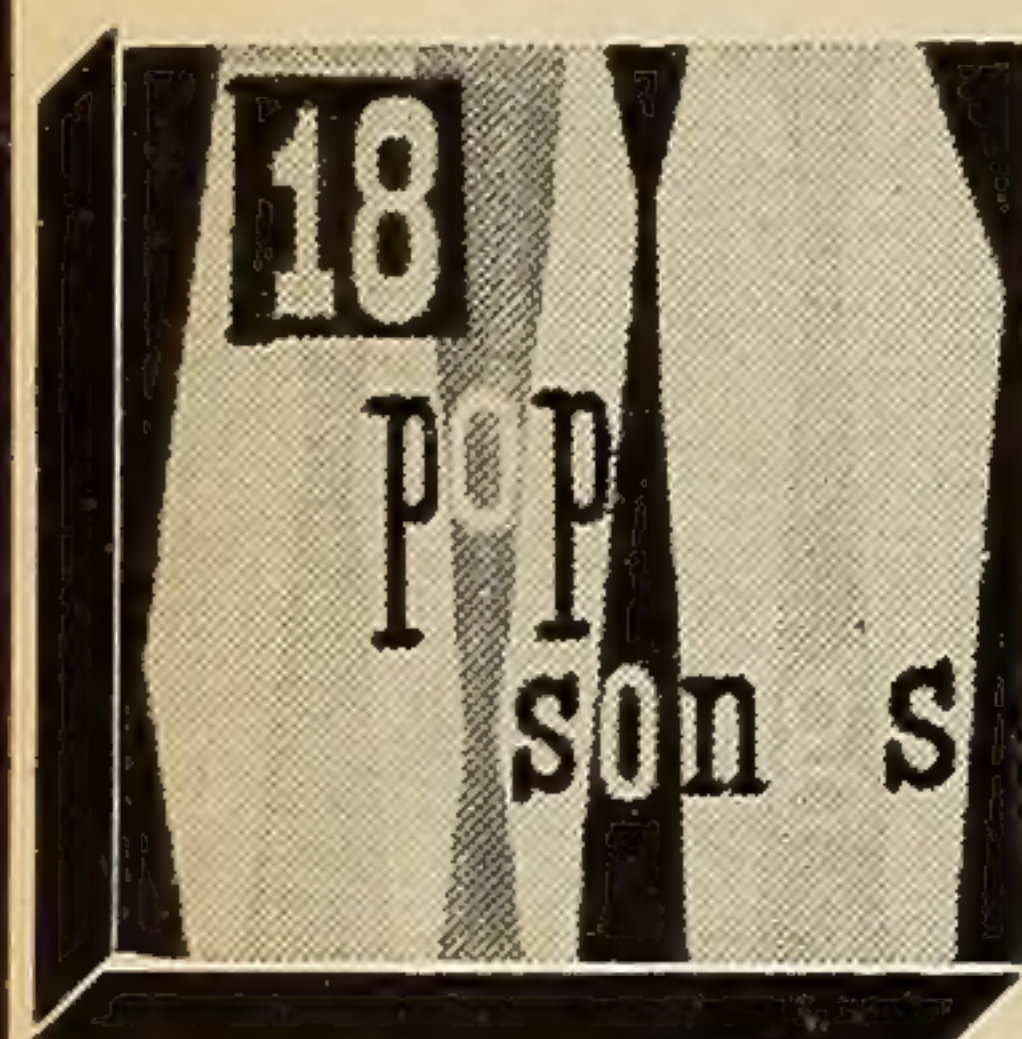
### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If for any reason you are not 100% satisfied, KEEP ANY Six Songs FREE and Return the Remaining for Refund. Available in 45 and 78 R.P.M.

Now! 6 Complete Hits on 1 Standard Speed 78 Record or 45's

**FREE** A FREE SURPRISE GIFT WILL BE INCLUDED WITH EACH ORDER!

### ☐ 18 HIT PARADE SONGS PLUS TWO FREE BY ANY OF THE STARS CHECKED. MAKING A TOTAL OF 20 for \$2.98



These are Top Quality High Fidelity Records. Fully Orchestrated. Recorded by Top Recording Stars! Only the Latest Hits at the time you order are sent to you—our Current List is:

- |                         |                           |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. You Send Me          | 11. Kisses                |
| 2. Raunchy              | 12. Sweeter Than Wine     |
| 3. Jail House Rock      | 13. Rock 'n Roll Music    |
| 4. Silhouettes          | 14. All The Way           |
| 5. April Love           | 15. Be Bop Baby           |
| 6. Little Bitty         | 16. I'm Available         |
| 7. Chances Are          | 17. Great Balls of Fire   |
| 8. Wake Up Little Suzie | 18. Liechtensteiner Polka |
| 9. My Special Angel     |                           |
| 10. Peggy Sue           |                           |

### ☐ 118 HILLBILLY HITS (18 HILLBILLY HITS PLUS LYRICS TO 100 SONGS).

BY TOP TV, RADIO & STAGE STARS—ONLY \$2.98

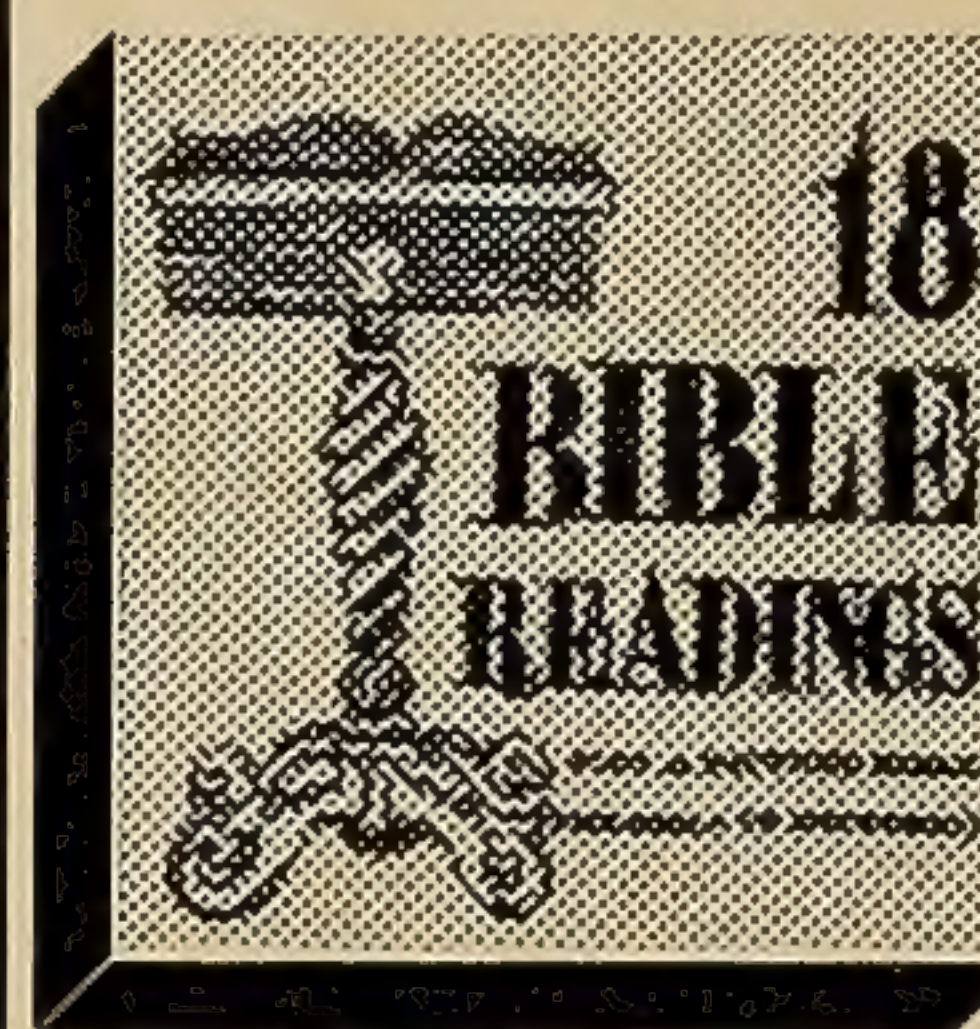


Hi-Fi Quality—Top Vocals. Fully Orchestrated, with large orchestra. Here are the titles:

- |                                      |                               |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Please Don't Blame Me             | 9. Teddy Bear                 |
| 2. My Shoes Keep Walking Back To You | 10. Four Walls                |
| 3. Geisha Girl                       | 11. Tangled Mind              |
| 4. Home of the Blues                 | 12. Fallen Star               |
| 5. I Heard the Bluebird Sing         | 13. Mister Love               |
| 6. Fraulein                          | 14. My Arms are A House       |
| 7. Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On      | 15. Love Me To Pieces         |
| 8. Bye Bye Love                      | 16. Is It Wrong               |
|                                      | 17. Gonna Find Me, a Bluebird |
|                                      | 18. I Wish You Knew           |

### ☐ 18 BIBLE READINGS—ONLY \$2.98

PLUS A PICTURE BIBLE (THE BIBLE IN PICTURES)

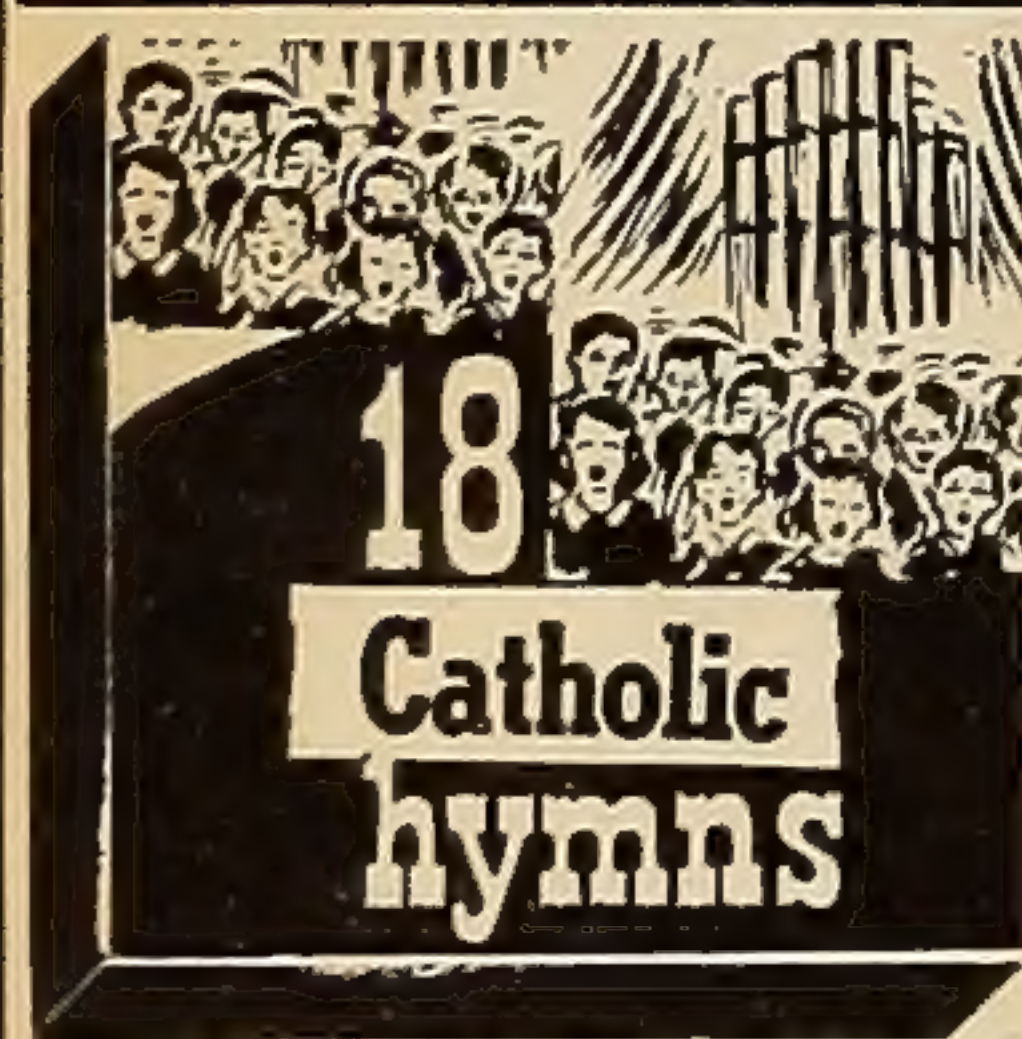


- |                                                                                                |                                           |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| 1st 12 readings—the Sermon on the Mount                                                        | St. Matthew Chapter 26, Verses 13 thru 39 |
| 13th reading—twenty-third psalm                                                                | St. Matthew Chapter 5, Verses 25 thru 48  |
| Reading 14 to 18—from the 26th Chapter of Matthew . . . "Gethsemane through the Lord's Supper" | St. Matthew Chapter 7, Verses 15 thru 29  |
| St. Matthew Chapter 5, Verses 1 thru 24                                                        | St. Matthew Chapter 26, Verses 1 thru 12  |

St. Matthew Chapter 6, Verses 1 thru 23

St. Matthew Chapter 6, Verses 24 thru 34

St. Matthew Chapter 7, Verses 1 thru 14



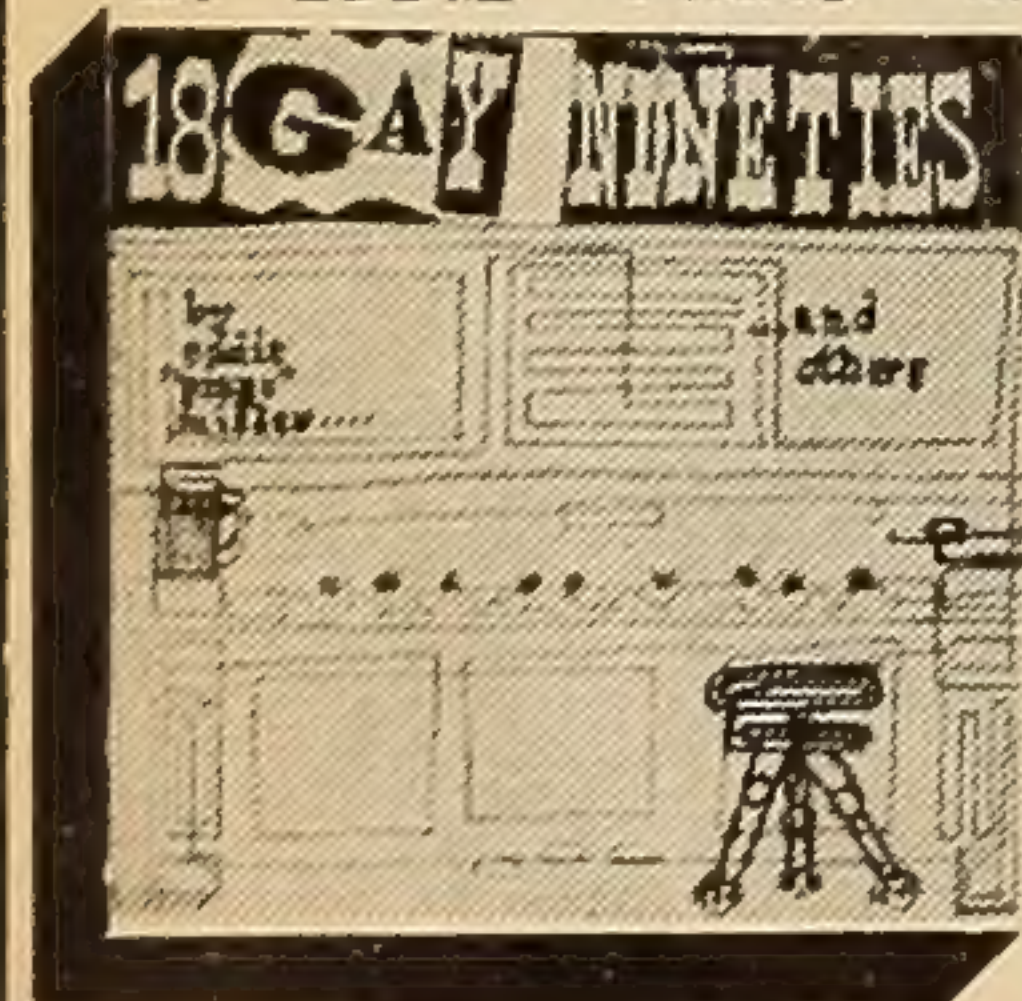
### ☐ 18 CATHOLIC HYMNS

FREE Bible in Pictures Included FREE with Records. Fully Orchestrated, 50 Voices. Selected as the most favorite Top 18 Catholic Hymns by an outstanding Catholic Priest, Top Vocal Stars, a treasure to have and to give. The following are the titles:

Ave Maria; O Lord I Am Not Worthy; O Salutaris; O Sacred Heart; Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest; Mother Dear, O Pray for Me; Daily, Daily Sing to Mary; Hail Mary, Full of Grace; Holy God, We Praise Thy Name; Tantum Ergo (No. 4) Choral; To Jesus Heart All Burning; Glory Be To Jesus; Jesus, Thou Art Coming; Jesus, Jesus Come to Me; Our Father, Who Art in Heaven; Come Holy Ghost, Creator Come; At the Cross Her Station Keeping; Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All.

### ☐ 18 GAY NINETIES TUNES

BY EDDIE "PIANO" MILLER AND OTHERS—\$2.98



- |                            |                                      |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Oh By Jingo             | 10. The Band Played On               |
| 2. Happy Horace Medley     | 11. Red River Valley                 |
| 3. Ticky, Ticky Tee        | 12. Surprise                         |
| 4. Can Can                 | 13. Fred & John                      |
| 5. Habanera                | 14. The Bowery Hymn                  |
| 6. Song of India           | 15. When The Saints Come Marching In |
| 7. Workin' on The Railroad | 16. Kismet                           |
| 8. Sidewalks of New York   | 17. Fantasy                          |
| 9. Square Dance Medley     | 18. O Sole Mio & Santa Lucia         |



### ☐ 46 CHILDREN'S SONGS—\$2.98

Includes Booklet of Picture-Illustrations and Words to the Music! Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star; Old King Cole; Little Tommy Tucker; Jack and Jill; Pease Porridge Hot; Where Has My Little Dog Gone; Humpty Dumpty; London Bridge; Lazy Mary; A Tisket Tasket; Old MacDonald; Farmer in Dell; Baa Baa Black Sheep; Pop Goes Weasel; 3 Blind Mice; Mary Had a Little Lamb; Skip to My Lou; Row Your Boat; Tom Tom the Piper's Son; I Been Working on the Railroad; Arkansas Traveler; I Saw a Ship A-Sailing; Deedle, Deedle Dumpling; Hi Diddle Diddle; Three Little Kittens; Patty Cake, Patty Cake; Git Along Little Dogie; Ol Chisolm Trail; Rock-A-Bye Baby; Plus 17 others.

### ☐ 18 TEEN-AGE POP HIT SONGS—\$2.98

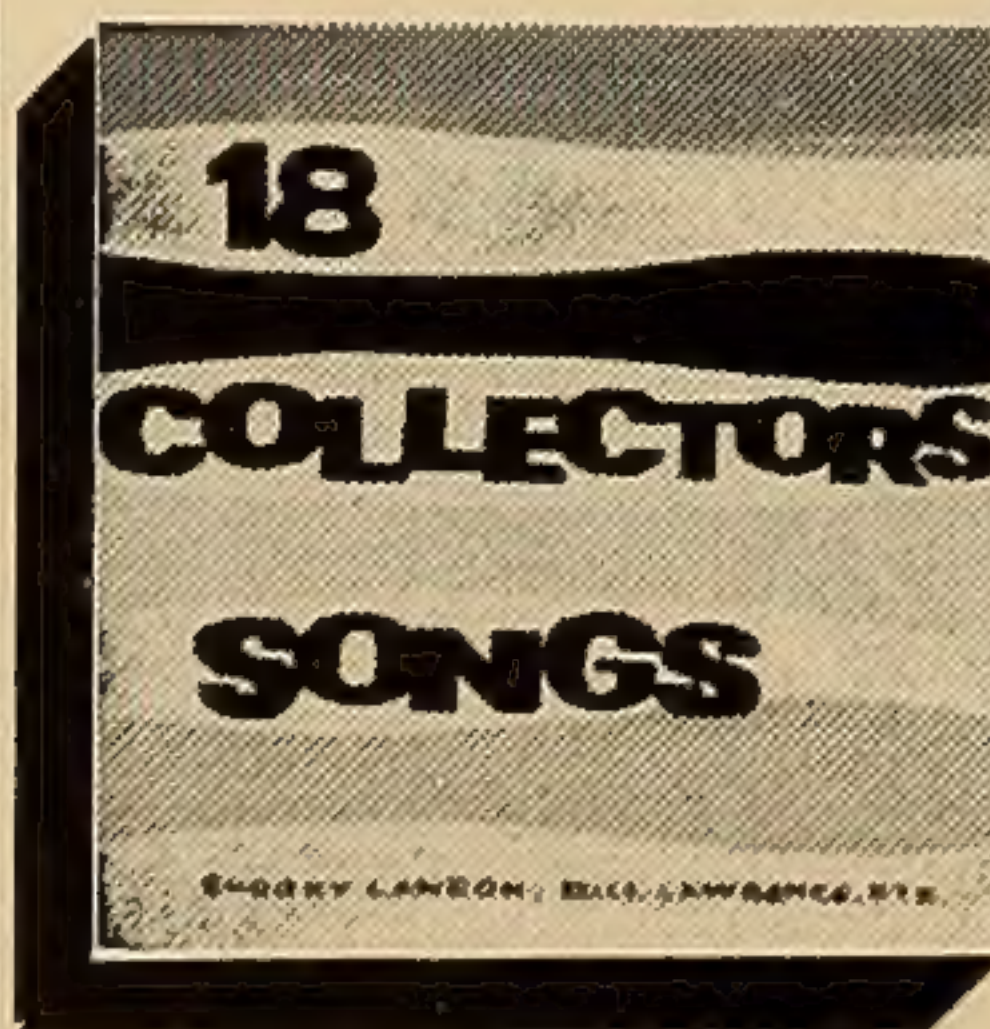
FULLY ORCHESTRATED—TOP STARS



- |                               |                         |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Jail House Rock            | 10. That'll Be the Day  |
| 2. Diana                      | 11. Honeycomb           |
| 3. Rooster Walk               | 12. Silhouettes         |
| 4. Two Point Eight            | 13. Rock-Cry            |
| 5. Mr. Lee                    | 14. Daddy Cool          |
| 6. Happy, Happy Birthday Baby | 15. What-cha Gotta Lose |
| 7. Keep A Knockin'            | 16. Man Like Woe        |
| 8. Black Slacks               | 17. I Love You Baby     |
| 9. A Whole Lot                | 18. Tammy               |

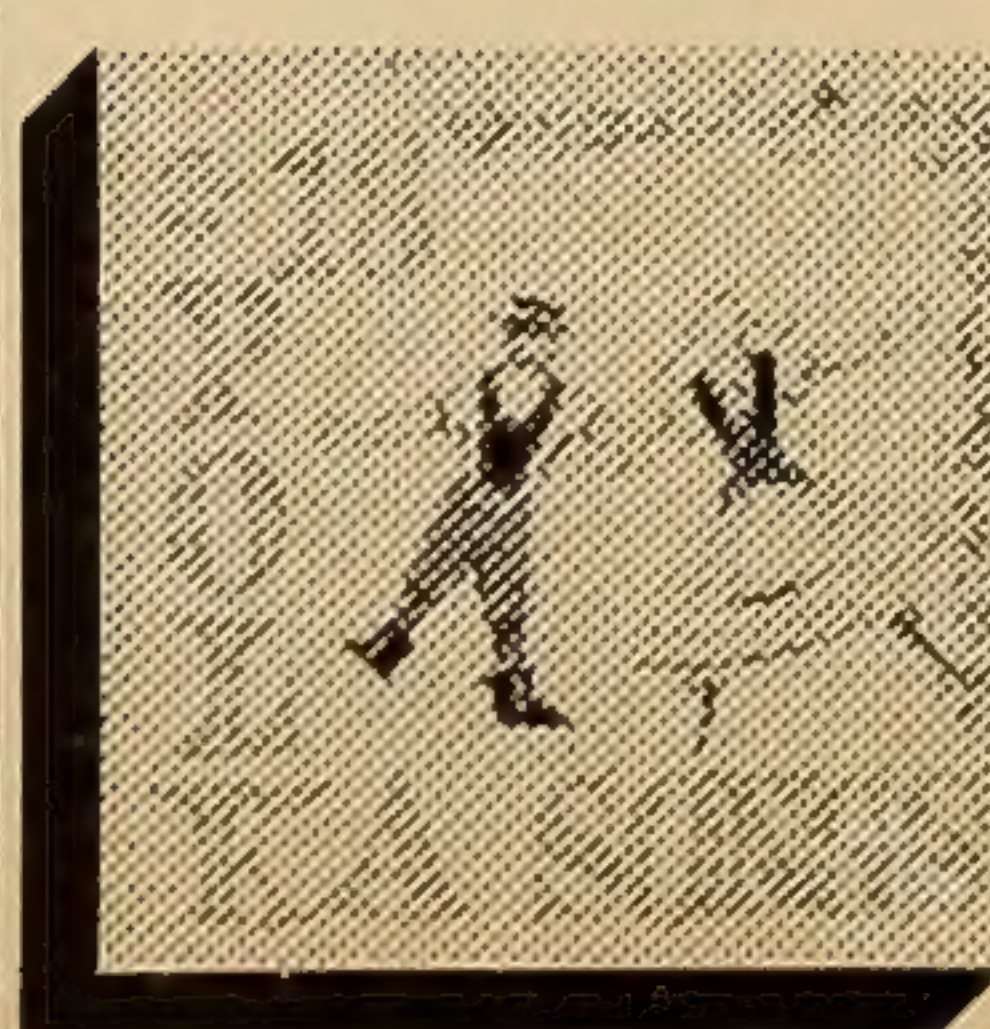
### ☐ 18 COLLECTORS SONGS—\$2.98

By Snooky Lanson, Bill Lawrence, etc.



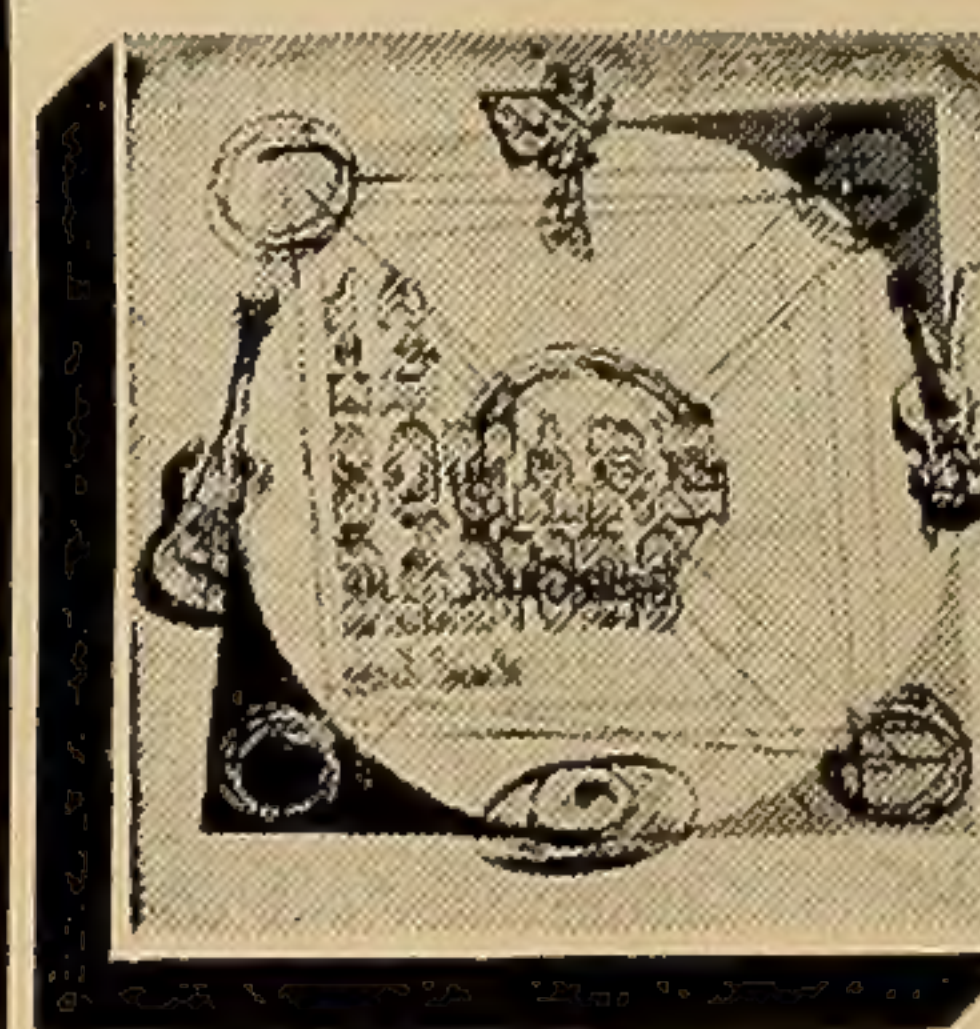
- |                          |                                          |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| 1. Tell Me You're Mine   | 10. Why Don't You Believe Me             |
| 2. Bye, Bye Blues        | 11. Till I Waltz Again With You          |
| 3. You Belong To Me      | 12. Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes |
| 4. Anywhere I Wander     | 13. Trying                               |
| 5. Takes Two To Tango    | 14. Even Now                             |
| 6. My Baby's Coming Home | 15. Glow Worm                            |
| 7. Lady of Spain         | 16. Have You Heard                       |
| 8. Keep it a Secret      | 17. Side by Side                         |
| 9. Me                    | 18. Oh Happy Day                         |

### ☐ 18 POLKA SONGS—ONLY \$2.98



- |                              |                          |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Happiness                 | 10. My Only Little House |
| 2. Love From Pilsen          | 11. Old Bachelor Polka   |
| 3. Tell Me, My Dear, Polka   | 12. Restaurant Polka     |
| 4. Green Road Polka          | 13. Do Not Cry           |
| 5. Knock Knock Polka         | 14. Remember Me, Mother  |
| 6. Papa Was a Musician Polka | 15. I Am Waiting For You |
| 7. Lucky Crossing Polka      | 16. Lucky Friday         |
| 8. Little Girl Polka         | 17. The Dove             |
| 9. Cellophane Heart          | 18. Fisherman's Polka    |

### ☐ 12 SQUARE DANCES AND BOOK—\$2.98



You get 12 Square Dance Songs by Map Williams and others plus Gift Book "Square Dancing" for \$2.98

- |                    |                         |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Mockin' Bird    | 8. Golden Slipper       |
| 2. Flop Eared Mule | 9. Red River Valley     |
| 3. Buffalo Gal     | 10. Arkansas Traveler   |
| 4. Oh, Susanna     | 11. Little Brown Jug    |
| 5. Soldier's Joy   | 12. Turkey in the Straw |
| 6. Devil's Dream   |                         |
| 7. Chicken Reel    |                         |

PLUS BOOK:  
☐ 78 RPM ☐ 45 RPM  
"Square Dancing For Young And Old"

--- MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY ---

BEST VALUES CO., Dept. 113  
403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

- ☐ SEND 78 RPM  
☐ SEND 45 RPM

- ☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 18 Hit Parade Songs, Plus 2 FREE by the Singer Checked Below:  
☐ Patti Page ☐ Georgia Gibbs ☐ Doris Day  
☐ Sarah Vaughan ☐ Frankie Laine ☐ Rosemary Clooney  
☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the Catholic Hymns.  
☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 18 Gay Nineties Tunes.  
☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the Hillbilly Songs, Plus 100 Hillbilly Lyrics.  
☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 46 Children's Songs.  
☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 18 Collectors Songs.  
☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 18 Polka Songs.  
☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 18 Bible Readings.  
☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 18 Teen Age Pop Hits.  
☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send the 12 Square Dances.  
☐ I enclose \$29.95. Send the 4-Speed RCA Record Player.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

--- MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ---

## RCA PORTABLE 4-SPEED RECORD PLAYER

1958 Model — A gift the whole family will enjoy — only \$29.95. Will give years of listening pleasure.





B 692249

JAN 22 1958

# You can not brush bad breath away— reach for Listerine!

B 692249

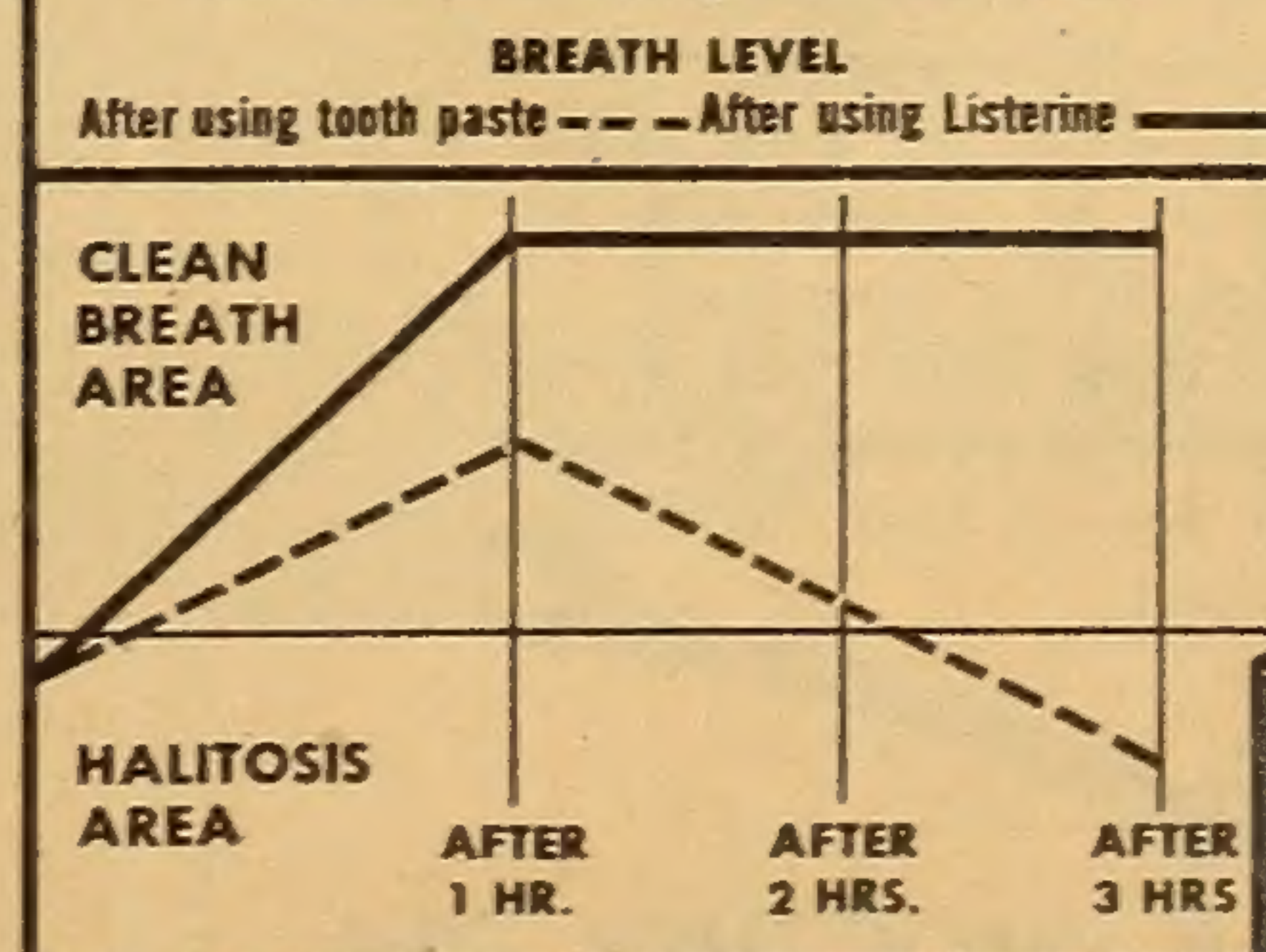
Listerine stops bad breath  
4 times better than tooth paste!



Brush away bad breath? Impossible! Germs in the mouth cause 9 out of 10 cases of bad breath (halitosis)—and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs by the millions—stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Nothing—absolutely nothing—stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way. Reach for Listerine and gargle it full-strength, morning and night!

## NO TOOTH PASTE STOPS BAD BREATH THE WAY LISTERINE DOES!

Chart shows how quickly bad breath  
returns after brushing with tooth paste



**Reach for Listerine** ..... Your No. 1 protection  
against bad breath





Don't get **STUCK**



Get **SOLO**  
Rubber-Tipped  
BOB PINS



Get SOLO'S petal-smooth pins . . . and you'll never get stuck again. Rubber-Tipped—no sharp ends to cut, catch or scratch. So smooth and easy to open, SOLO completely protects teeth and nails. Get a card today . . . pin-curl your hair tonight. You'll find it doesn't hurt to be beautiful!



**SMOOTHER TIPS  
STRONGER GRIP**

At Notion Counters Everywhere

# Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume 60, No. 5  
March, 1958

**IRA PECK**

**EDITOR**

Ruth Fountain

Managing Editor

Irma Heldman

Associate Editor

Edward R. Rofheart

V.P.-Art Director

Lou W. Lupu

Art Editor

## INSIDE NEWS

Rock Hudson 34 Can Rock Save His Marriage? by Gordon Reynolds  
Tony Franciosa 42 How Tony Subdued Shelley by Leo Guild

## PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

Natalie Wood 14 Are They Right For Each Other? by Helen Louise Walker and Bob Wagner  
Rossano Brazzi 18 "My Husband Is A Little Boy!" by Mrs. Rossano Brazzi  
Tony Perkins 27 What Tony Found Out About Hollywood by Jerry Asher  
Kim Stanley 30 Meet "The Goddess" by Rahna Maughan  
Debbie Reynolds 48 Bargain Wife by Helen Hendricks

## EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES

Deborah Kerr 22 Bonjour, Miss Kerr  
Pat Wayne 39 Island Fling  
Frank Sinatra 46 Ask Frank  
Claire Bloom 57 One For Tea

## TELEVISION

Clint Walker 55 No More To Wander by Florence Epstein

## SPECIAL FEATURES

Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheilah Graham  
12 Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O'Leary  
Reviews 10 Coming Attractions by Rahna Maughan  
Beauty 52 Five Minutes To Beauty by Natalie Wood  
Records 66 Let's Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

**ON THE COVER: ELIZABETH TAYLOR, CURRENTLY  
STARRING IN THE MGM FILM, "RAINTREE COUNTY"**

**NED L. PINES**

**PUBLISHER**

Frank P. Lualdi

General Manager

Victor Dee

V.P.-Advertising Director

Joe Johnston

V.P.-Circulation Director

Norman Hill

V.P.-Promotion Director

Irving Wechsler

Circulation Manager

Sayre Ross

Production Manager

SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND published bi-monthly and copyrighted 1958 by Popular Library, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Editorial, Executive and Subscription Offices, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. President, Ned L. Pines. Advertising Offices, 10 E. 40th St., New York 16, N. Y., D. P. Riker, Eastern Manager; Harold I. Collen, Chicago Manager, 520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.; Murray Bothwell, West Coast Manager, 234 E. Colorado St., Pasadena 1, Calif. Manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Address all subscription mail to Subscription Department, SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND, 10 E. 40th St., New York 16, N. Y. Single copy price \$.25, subscription \$3.75 for 12 issues, in U.S. and possessions, \$4.75 elsewhere. When entering a new subscription allow not less than 60 days for your first copy to reach you. When renewing subscription, prompt remittance helps to assure continuous service. Change of address must reach us five weeks in advance. Be sure to give both old and new address and zone or other information necessary. Second-class mail privileges authorized, Dec. 27, 1954, at Dunellen, N. J. Printed in the U.S.A. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.



JAN 22 1958

# THE GREAT OF 1958!

You will soon see for yourself the production that is already talked about as a milestone in motion pictures. Love and hate, the sensual and spiritual, rage and repentance...here is life pulsating from the screen!



M-G-M presents  
the sins and sinners  
from the intensely  
dramatic pages of  
the famed novel.

## THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

starring

**YUL BRYNNER**



**MARIA SCHELL-CLAIRE BLOOM**

LEE J. COBB  
ALBERT SALMI  
and  
co-starring **RICHARD BASEHART**  
with **WILLIAM SHATNER**

From the Novel by FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY • AN AVON PRODUCTION • In METROCOLOR  
Screen Play and Direction by **RICHARD BROOKS** • Produced by **PANDRO S. BERMAN**



# I CAN'T SEE

using  
anything  
but  
*Tampax!*



**"Tampax® was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women . . .**

No wonder I feel so confident about using it! It's based on the well-known and accepted principle of internal absorption. But that's not *all!*

**"Tampax takes the problems out of 'problem days' . . .**

Puts an end to chafing and discomfort . . . to embarrassing odor . . . to disposal and carrying problems! With Tampax, nothing can show—no one can know your secret! You feel *free, poised*—as on any day of the month!

**"Millions of other Tampax-users bear me out—It's the modern way!**

Do try it this month. Why put off gaining the freedom, the confidence Tampax brings. Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold." Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



*Invented by a doctor—  
now used by millions of women*

## Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Tony Perkins lost to Hollywood for a while
- The amazing transformation of Doris Day



**T**HIS is Sheilah Graham with a how d'ye do and what's new from Hollywood. . . . Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner are so much in love, they will probably be married by the time you read this. Bob gave Nat a beautiful diamond and pearl engagement ring. . . . Nevertheless, Raymond Burr, the once adored of Natalie, will give you odds that the marriage won't last. She prefers the masterful type of man." . . . Marlon Brando is planning a picture in India with wife Anna Kashfi—after the baby of course. . . . Victor Mature startled the British by drinking tea only during his picture-making stint over there recently. But he was true to form with the perennial girl on his arm—this time, the doctor's daughter, Joy Urwick, who should be Mrs. Mature by the time you read this. . . .

Lauren Bacall helped Frank Sinatra with the redecoration of the huge Al Jolson home he bought in Palm Springs. If this isn't love, it'll do until a better facsimile comes along. . . . Ann Sothorn has enlisted two doctors to help her lose weight. The excess poundage mars her

beautiful looks. . . . There are two Kathy's in the Crosby clan—Bing's wife and Bob's daughter. It would be great if Bing and the missus had a girl to go with those four grown-up boys.

Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler, co-stars in U-I's "Raw Wind In Eden," are in the I-don't-care-who-knows stage. Although there's always the chance that Esther will reconcile with Ben Gage—they have twice before. . . . But the day after Rock Hudson celebrated the second anniversary of his marriage to Phyllis, by taking her to all the well-publicized bistros, his agent was on the town looking for "a bachelor apartment or home" for his client. . . . Hedy Lamarr had the last laugh at U-I when she received a car for a guest scene in a film that was later left on the cutting room floor. . . . And Jayne Mansfield reckons she has arrived—\$10,000 for one appearance on TV. She blew the entire lot on her trousseau—everything in pink.

What's the name of the wealthy business man in San Francisco who bought Martha Hyer those expensive French im-

*continued on page 8*



**BATTLING** of Liz Taylor and Mike Todd was heard around the world on recent trip.



**INSIDERS** are saying that marriage of Joan Fontaine and Collier Young is shaky.

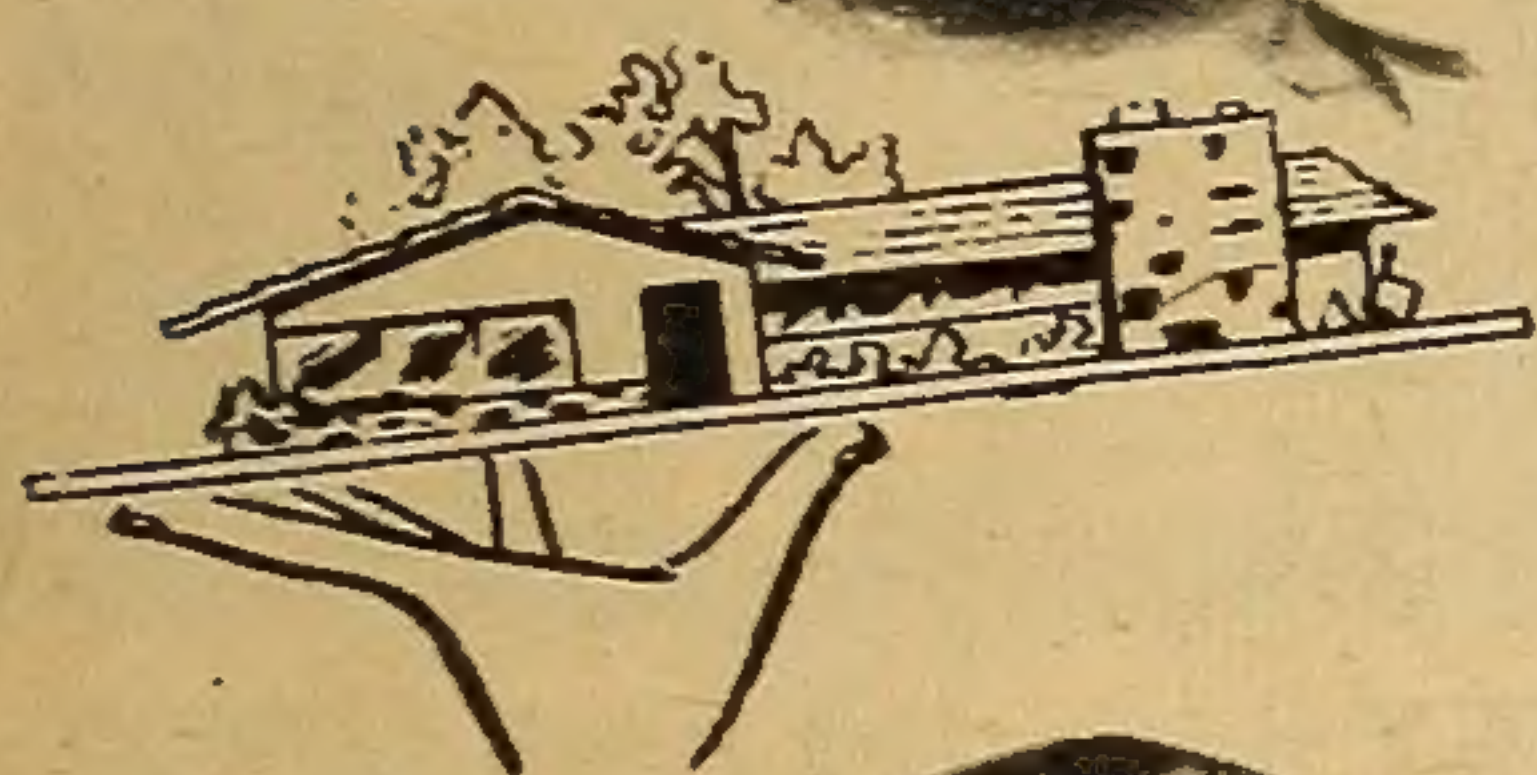


It's a BALL when THREE GUYS FALL  
for the one they CALL...

# The GIRL MOST LIKELY

(and she promises  
to marry all  
three!)

Her  
"steady"  
boy  
promised  
her the  
moon



The  
playboy  
gave her  
everything  
under  
the sun



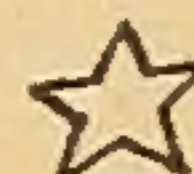
and the  
poor boy  
put her  
in the  
clouds!



MUSIC  
YOUNG!

MUSIC GAY!

"The Girl  
Most Likely"



"All the Colors  
of the Rainbow"

"I Don't Know  
What I Want"

and the  
sensational  
"BALBOA!"

Plus MORE, MORE, MORE!

TECHNICOLOR®

Dances and Romances in the Playgrounds of the Pacific!

STARRING

JANE POWELL\*CLIFF ROBERTSON

KEITH ANDES\*KAYE BALLARD\*TOMMY NOONAN\*UNA MERKEL

Dances and Musical Sequences Staged by GOWER CHAMPION • Music and Lyrics by HUGH MARTIN and RALPH BLANE • WILLIAM DOZIER in Charge of Production

Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • Screenplay by DEVERY FREEMAN • Produced by STANLEY RUBIN • An RKO RADIO Picture • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Release





# Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

## The Bridge On The River Kwai

**T**HIS bridge can be a lot of things—a vital Japanese military installation built on the lives of Allied prisoners of war, a target for a commando raid, and probably most of all, a proving ground for men's souls. American naval officer William Holden has spent enough time in Colonel Sessue Hayakawa's prison camp to develop a philosophy that it's more important to just live than to die nobly. He escapes, but destiny has already marked him. New arrival British colonel Alec Guinness is still full of military code, rules and pride. Nothing the Nipponese colonel can think of, and he's an expert on fiendish persuasion, cracks Guinness. In the end, Guinness triumphs by convincing Hayakawa that without proper know-how, the bridge can't be constructed. Building it becomes an obsession with Guinness, his way of showing the superiority of law and authority over brute rule. He does a remarkable job—too remarkable. It becomes a threat. The British have to send a commando team, headed by Jack Hawkins, to blow it up. Holden and young Geoffrey Horne comprise the other two-thirds of the expendable trio. It's at the bridge that each man faces for a short brilliantly clear moment, the truth of what he really is. Filmed in Ceylon in Technicolor, this has an impressive number of moving moments, insights

into valor and courage, and close-ups of weakness and strength. (Columbia.)

## The Enemy Below

**W**ARTIME chase between submarine destroyer and a German U-boat, and the strategy each captain, Robert Mitchum, the American, and Curt Jurgens, the German, use to outwit each other. Each is wrapped up inextricably in the other with the end coming only when one destroys the other. The early maneuvering, up-periscopes, and stop-all-engines seem tame compared to the final battle that almost blows everything, including the wide screen, into smidgins. Out of the debris something else emerges—man's respect and admiration for a job well done. Well, friendships *have* been built on less, you know. . . . No women lighten the doings here, just the memory of Mitchum's wife who had been killed when a freighter blew up. (20th Century-Fox.)

## Witness For The Prosecution

**I**LL and warned to stay away from anything that could trigger another heart attack, criminal lawyer (called barrister in England) Charles Laughton never should have taken on the defense of Tyrone Power. Accused of murdering a wealthy widow, Power convinces Laughton of his innocence but, unfortunately,



**GEOFFREY** Horne, Jack Hawkins, William Holden in "Bridge On The River Kwai."

the only witness who can save Power from the gallows refuses to testify in defense of her husband. Instead, Marlene Dietrich appears as the surprise witness for the prosecution. Her testimony all but hangs Power, until an anonymous phone call and a packet of love letters prove the sly Marlene is cavorting with another man. It is further proved that in falsifying evidence against Power, she had hoped to rid herself of him. On the strength of these new developments, the case against Power closes with the verdict of not guilty and Marlene in dire need of some legal assistance, herself. This is not the end of this fascinating thriller by Agatha Christie—justice has not been satisfied. Like an iceberg, only a small portion of the case lies on the stormy surface. The acting is superb and the suspense twists and turns until you finally give up trying to compete with these brilliant masterminds. (United Artists.)

## Darby's Rangers

**A** SERIES of wartime vignettes lashed together with barbed wire and detonator fuses, then prettied up with a few ribbon bows of romance. An American Army unit assigned to commando training with the British, this group is the usual unusual assortment of males. It speaks exceedingly well of their stamina that, after such staggering amounts of physical duress to which they are subjected constantly, they can still work up an appetite for women. One, Stuart Whitman, a gambler and ne'er-do-well, meets London bus conductress Joan Elan who is really the daughter of Lord Reginald Owen. Well, riffle his deck and call him Lucky! But Whitman has a scruple or two along with some aces up his sleeve. Only after he's convinced their different backgrounds can

*continued on page 69*

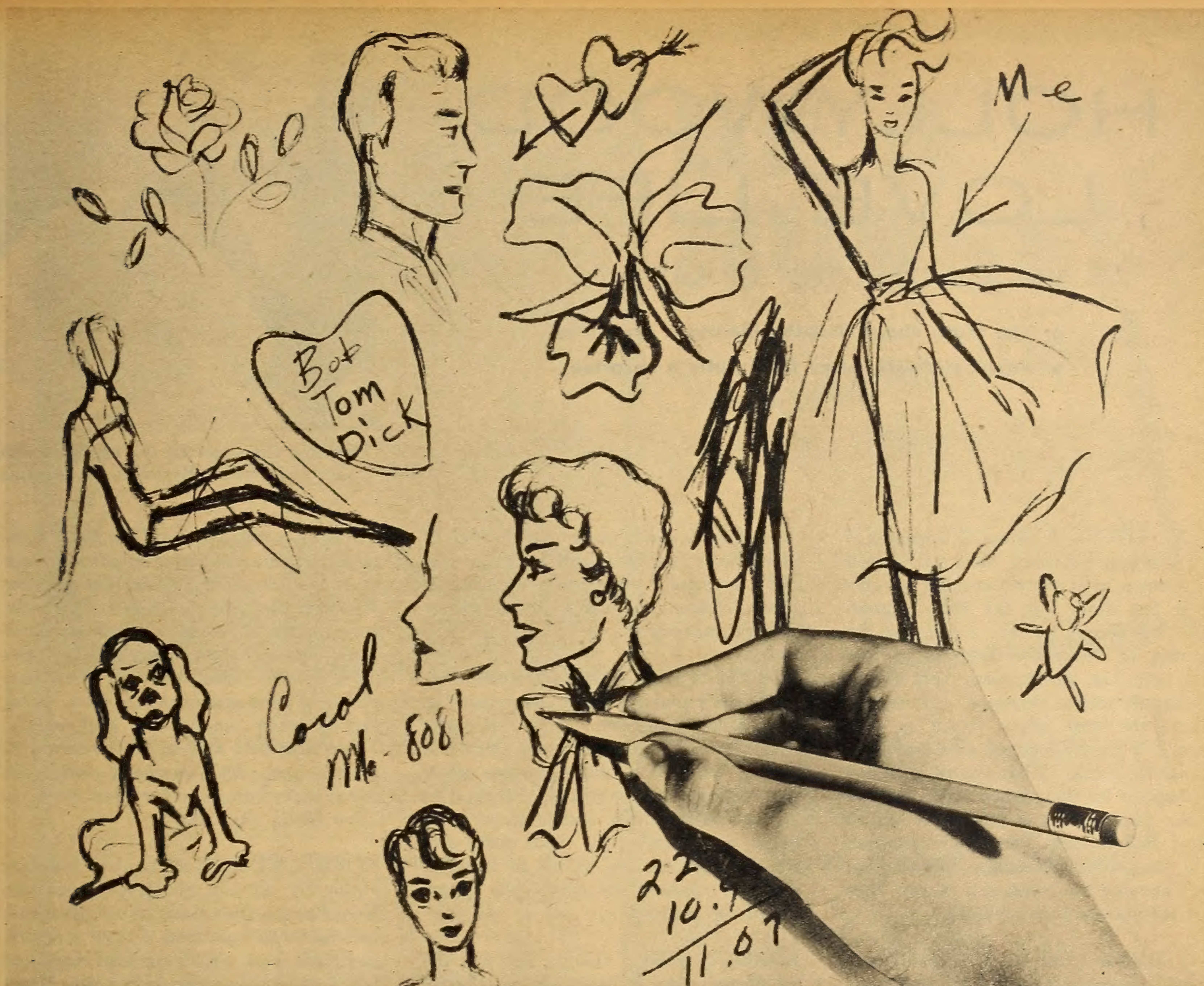


**LAWYER** Charles Laughton defends Ty Power in "Witness For The Prosecution."



**NAVY** captain Bob Mitchum matches wits with U-boat officer in "The Enemy Below."





## You do this, too?

*Does a pencil in your hand start you sketching? Then you may have enough talent for an exciting career in art! Here's help in finding out.*

Maybe you've dreamed of getting into art as a career . . . drawing fashions, people, animals, scenes. For ads or posters. Or to illustrate stories, or greeting cards.

Here's the first thing to do. *Find out*—from people who know what's needed—whether you have art talent worth training.

### **Free Art Talent Test**

Take the simple Art Talent Test that has started so many towards careers in the art field. You can get a free copy, without obligation, by mailing the coupon below. You take the test at home; then send it back for grading. You get a free analysis of your talent by professional artists at the world's largest home study art school. They know what it takes for success in the art field.

For over 40 years our school has been training talented beginners for careers in commercial art. We give individual instruction in art through the mails. Many of our former students are highly successful today.

Take this Talent Test at home. Mail it back—and find out whether you have talent worth training. Send this coupon today. It could be your start on an exciting career!

---

### **ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 2248**

500 South 4th Street • Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please send me your Talent Test, without cost or obligation.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_



# HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

- ★ The truth about Dorothy Malone's romances
- ★ Recluse Montgomery Clift pulls a surprise



**THE** first five years are the hardest, Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds are learning.

**REAL LOVE**—A personal appearance tour is a grueling thing. Most stars, when they return from one, do nothing but rest for a few days. But not Bob Wagner. After his recent Eastern swing for the opening of "Stopover Tokyo" he flew back here, had his secretary meet him at the airport with a change of clothes and caught the next plane North to visit Natalie Wood on location in Carmel for "Kings Go Forth." What's more, each day he shopped for their lunch which he took to the filming site, a few miles out of town! Bob brought Nat a new engraved gold bangle for her charm bracelet but she's keeping the message a secret. They may still have a June wedding.

**D-D DATA**—The Diane Varsi-Dennis Hopper romance is a real scorcher, and not because they're both in "The Hell Bent Kid." Actually, they don't do scenes together. Diane is co-starred opposite Don Murray, and this is only her second movie! The fine acting job she did in "Peyton Place" won her this new plum

role. Diane is really quite a gal for her 19 years. She's just separated from her second husband, independent producer James Dickson, and has a year-old son by her first marriage!

**DOTTIE'S DISCREET**—Dorothy Malone, who's playing Diana Barrymore in "Too Much, Too Soon," is very secretive about her romantic life, and there's a reason. "Most of my dates are men not in the entertainment world and they, I've learned, are literally scared off by publicity. So I don't talk about them and when we go out we try to go to spots that don't have press agents who report on all the guests."

**ERROL'S GIRLS**—Guess who was Errol Flynn's date for a recent big charity ball, before his wife returned from Europe? His 10-year-old daughter, Rory! Another older daughter, Deirdre, was also seen dining with her dad in quiet, conservative-type restaurants. "I'm making dates with my daughters these days," says

Errol, long known as a Don Juan. Both these girls are daughters by his marriage to Nora Eddington. Now current wife Pat Wymore and their daughter, Arnella, have joined Errol in Hollywood. Errol calls four-year-old Arnella "Mike." Get it? Pat and Mike. Anyway, Errol has plenty of girls around him! After spending so much time out of the country, Flynn says he'll stay in California for at least a year. He's currently portraying John Barrymore, another Don Juan, in "Too Much, Too Soon."

**ROCK'S MUM**—Rock Hudson is saying absolutely nothing about his separation from Phyllis. Only thing he admits is that he's taken an apartment but on a month-to-month basis, not a long-term lease, and that's an encouraging indication. Meantime, the Hollywood quipsters are asking was it the long location for "Farewell To Arms" which resulted in a "Farewell to Phyl's Arms"? And, inevitably, "Did Success Spoil Rock?" We'd say an emphatic "no" to that. Rock's still a nice, *continued on page 58*



**ONCE** a steady duo, Venetia Stevenson and Tab Hunter have only occasional dates.



**SECRETIVE** about her love life, Dorothy Malone has brother Bob escort her around.



**DATE** of Errol Flynn at a recent charity affair was his 10-year-old daughter, Rory.



# BE A NURSE!

## Post Graduate School of Nursing



This Certifies that  
*Frances Thompson*  
has satisfactorily completed the course in Practical Nursing prescribed by  
the Post Graduate School of Nursing, Chicago, Illinois. In testimony  
whereof the Post Graduate School of Nursing hereby awards this

### Diploma

Given under the seal of the Post Graduate School of Nursing,  
this 1st day of November 1936



*Dr. W. P. Chittenden*  
Dean

*Frances Thompson*  
Student

learn practical nursing  
**AT HOME**  
in a few short months

What our Graduates say:

"I am now in the Surgical Department.  
I thank my wonderful school for my success."  
-- E.A., Georgia

"I received a 21 jewel nurses watch  
from my first patient."  
-- A.M., Florida

"After being a school teacher, I took your  
famous course. I have had 15 cases already."  
-- M.L., Halifax, N.S.

"I took my patient to Illinois by Pullman and  
back by airplane --- I now get \$56 a week."  
-- M.K., Conn.

Mail Coupon Today for FREE Sample Lesson Pages

### POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING

6L38 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago 5, Ill.

Send me, without obligation, your FREE sample lesson pages, and your  
FREE folder "Nursing Facts". I understand that no salesman will call.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



## THIS IS THE HOME STUDY COURSE THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR WHOLE LIFE

**PRACTICAL NURSING OFFERS UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITIES**  
to both women and men for careers as Practical Nurses,  
Nurse's Aides, Nurse-companions, Doctors' Office Nurses,  
Infant Nurses, and as Hospital Attendants.

**HAVE A CAREER OR EXTRA INCOME.** If you feel that  
you have no real future in your present work or are up  
against a blank wall . . . a career in Practical Nursing  
may be the very thing for you. You can work part or full  
time in private sanitariums, clinics, doctors' offices, con-  
valescent homes or on private duty cases. Specialize as  
you like . . . infant cases, care of the aged, or travel with  
your patients as a companion-nurse.

**IN JUST A FEW SHORT MONTHS FROM NOW** you  
should be able to accept your first cases. Our graduates  
report making \$40 to \$65 a week and more. Never before  
was there such an urgent need for Practical Nurses.

**A HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION IS NOT REQUIRED.** You  
will find our course simple to follow and easy to under-  
stand. The lessons are complete with pictures and are  
written in plain everyday language.

**DO NOT LET AGE PREVENT YOU** from realizing your  
fondest dreams. Students up to 65 have successfully com-  
pleted this easy-to-learn course. Nursing welcomes the val-  
uable maturity of women of middle age and advanced years.

**THINK OF YOUR FUTURE WHEN** you graduate and proudly  
wear your first Nurse's uniform. Your family and friends  
will admire your beautiful graduation pin and you will  
be proud of the diploma you are awarded.

**STUDY AS SLOW OR AS FAST AS YOU WISH.** Some of  
our students study on and off in their spare time. Many  
graduates complete the course in a few short months. You  
are never rushed and may take as long as you like.

**BUT THE IMPORTANT THING IS** to get FREE complete  
information right now. There is no cost or obligation.  
We will send you, as we have thousands of other ambi-  
tious women, our FREE sample lesson pages and our  
FREE nursing folder. Clip the coupon at the right and mail  
at once. Your FREE material will reach you by return mail.



**POST GRADUATE  
SCHOOL OF NURSING**

6L38 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago 5, Ill.



*Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner:*

**Are they right**



**THE TITLE** role in "Marjorie Morningstar" was Natalie's biggest acting assignment to date and she's pleased as punch with the results.



# for each other?

*They're very much in love  
and their courtship is wonderful,  
but can these two young  
people make a go of marriage?*



**DURING** shooting of "Marjorie Morningstar," Bob Wagner was Nat's constant visitor on set.

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

"**I** LOVE her and I want to marry her." Words couldn't be simpler or more direct than that. It was Bob Wagner speaking, of course, of Natalie Wood.

Hollywood is pretty breathless about this new, glowing romance between a talented and beautiful pair of young people. But Hollywood is worried, too, as it always is on such occasions. Is it "right" for Bob and Natalie? Will they really make a go of it? There was the saddening news, not so long ago, of the Rock Hudsons' splitting up after what seemed like ideal marriage . . .

Well, let's see about Bob and Natalie. Why shouldn't they be happy in wedlock? Or why should they?

Some months ago, I was talking with Natalie on the phone when she excused herself to take a call on another line. When she returned to me I could feel her excitement, although she was trying hard to be casual. "It was Bob Wagner," she confided, "calling from Tokyo. Wasn't it nice of him?"

Bob, I learned later, was "nice" about calling Natalie several times a week while he was on location for "Destination Tokyo" and when he returned, laden with gifts of beautiful silks and carvings and other things for her, well, he was "nicer" than ever. Neither of them has dated anyone else since and these were two young people who dated everyone.

The pair have dined publicly with their parents several times and Natalie's mother has committed herself. "Bob is a splendid young man and if they want to marry, they have our blessing." Bob's father has said, "Natalie is a lovely girl, lovely. Bob will be very lucky . . ." So that part of it is all right, apparently.

Their backgrounds are not so different when you come to think of it. It's true that Natalie has been in show business since she was four or so. But Bob's heart and soul have been in it for years and years, too . . . since he caddied for Bing Crosby and Bob Hope at Lakeside Country Club and worshiped at their shrines. Both their fathers are successful men and neither Bob nor Natalie has *had* to work. These kids just wanted to act . . . and they did.

But there is this difference. Natalie was plunged into acting while she was a tot and has taken it all for granted. Bob earned his way and is very serious about it all. Natalie, especially since she became 18 (a little over a year ago) has

*continued on page 16*



*The mischievous girl is gone and in her place is a young lady who looks to the future with the eyes of a woman in love . . .*

been inclined to kick over the traces, give way to a gay impulsiveness, inclined to pranks and fun and practical jokes. Young Wagner is not the prankish type. He doesn't like it, doesn't approve of it and will have none of it. Life and career to Bob are real and also earnest.

But Natalie, as a woman in love will always do, has made concessions. She has given up the prankish, madcap bit.

"It was fun while it lasted," she admits now, "but I know it was all pretty juvenile. I think I am through with the kicking-up-heels thing. I've had it." That would seem to take care of that, but there is more.

Natalie, living with her parents, has had her own self-contained little suite of rooms, her own telephone and, since she became 18, her own private entrance.

Bob, of course, has had his own apartment for several years, a bachelor establishment with a big fireplace, the accoutrements for entertaining his friends in his own informal fashion. He and Natalie have each, although they are young, worked out a pattern of living. Can they make these dovetail? Can they make them work together?

Both of them have been making concessions. For instance, Bob is devoted to his boat, "My Other Lady," (his first one was called merely "My Lady"). He's almost as much in love with it as he is with Natalie, herself. Any girl he courted would simply have to share his love for and interest in it.

Natalie rose to the challenge like the little troupier she is. At her own home she rarely did so much as boil an egg. Yet when she started to go on boat outings with Bob (usually chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Dick Sales), she

valiantly took over all the cooking and cleaning up chores.

"That was the only thing I knew I could do," she says. "So I decided that Bob would be the Captain and I would be the maid."

She progressed, though, to an occasional cooking "do", spaghetti, sausages and mashed potatoes, broiled chops, until she really learned her way around the little galley.

"This girl never even made a cup of tea in her own home," Bob says, proudly. "Now she's really a whacking good cook!"

It's possible that Natalie's mother is a touch surprised at these revelations about her daughter, who was never the domestic type at all. But if she cares enough to learn to clean up and to cook in a tiny, two-by-four galley, she must really mean it!

Then, take fishing. Natalie just wasn't the fishing type of girl. You know, baiting the hook and all that sort of thing. But she valiantly went along with Bob, even displaying a mild enthusiasm. So they fished and fished off Catalina Island, several week-ends in a row, and never did either of them have a single nibble at a line. Bob was embarrassed, to put it mildly. "Gee, honey, when you really do hook one it will be a lot of fun," he kept assuring her.

AND Natalie loyally enthused, "It's just such fun to be here with all this sun and water. And when we do catch something, it's going to be a big thrill." If that doesn't sound like love, well, what do you want? (P. S. They still haven't caught anything.)

Some of Bob's concessions have been to do what Natalie

**SUCCESS** came easily till Nat had to fight for "Morningstar."



**WINNING** role of Marjorie gave Natalie a lot of self-confidence.







**ONLY YESTERDAY**, it seems, Natalie's mother was accompanying her to the studio; today she watches Nat with wonder and pride.

**NOW** she feels that she is ready to consider marriage seriously.



likes to do when they are ashore and at home. She doesn't like "planned" dates much, while Bob is methodical about his engagements. Likes to know ahead what he is expected to do. Natalie likes the last-minute call, the obeying of the impulse of the moment . . . "Let's go to the beach for waffles!" "Let's take a moonlight horseback ride!" "Let's eat in some silly, out-of-the-way place with checkered tablecloths—and if they aren't checkered, we won't stay!"

Methodical Bob has not only conceded to these vagaries of his beloved but he has found they are fun. "Natalie has certainly taught me something about variety," he says, "and how much fun the small, unexpected things can be. Maybe I was too solemn before I knew her."

He was a rather solemn young man, it must be admitted, because he was so serious about his career. That is one of the differences between them which is rapidly lessening.

**SINCE** this romance has started, Natalie has won and played the most important role of her career to date, the lead in Warner Bros.' "Marjorie Morningstar," and this, as well as Bob, has made a tremendous difference in the erstwhile giddy little playgirl.

This was a role she deeply wanted and worked for and fought for and now, almost overnight, she has become as serious about her career and her work as Bob has always been about his. There had been this wide gap in their thinking . . . that Bob, although he was born with a silver spoon, had had to work hard, really struggle for his success in pictures. Natalie was plunged into hers at the age of four and had grown up taking it pretty much for granted.

*continued on page 67*



*By Mrs. Rossano Brazzi:*

# "My husband is a little boy!"

*To millions of women, Rossano Brazzi  
is the very personification of the  
glamorous, charming continental male, but  
in his wife's eyes, well, here's her story*



**IN LOVE** with life and with each other after 18 years together, Rossano and Lydia have that rare thing, a truly happy marriage.

WE WERE having supper under the thatched roof of the Coco Palms dining room on the beautiful Island of Kauai—where Rossano was working in "South Pacific"—when an eager fan pushed her way past the crowded tables until she came face to face with my husband. She was a good-looking woman in her early twenties, intelligent, smartly dressed, and very eager. "Mr. Brazzi," she burst out, "I've been a fan since I saw you in 'Summertime' . . ."

"Thank you," Rossano smiled appreciatively.

She hesitated a bit. Then added shyly, "You are still my favorite actor . . ."

"That's very kind of you to say so," he replied with typical Brazzi charm. I could see her melt with pleasure as she turned and left.

One of our new American friends turned to me in surprise. "Don't you ever get jealous, Lydia?"

"I might," I confessed, "if I didn't know my Rossano better. . . ."

To others, he is suave, self-assured, the matinee idol of women and the envy of men. And I'm glad, because if it were different, he wouldn't be playing Emile deBecque in "South Pacific" today.

But to me he is just a little boy—the same, sweet, somewhat shy man I married nearly 18 years ago.

I remember the day we met, when both of us attended the same university in Florence. Rossano had given a superb performance in a school play which got me so enthused, I just had to rush on stage after the last act to congratulate him.

I'm a very emotional woman. Rossano must have known about it because when he saw me coming he backed up as far as he could before I could plant a big kiss of admiration on his cheek. He was more embarrassed than a school boy on his first date. . . .

Although we soon knew that we had a crush on one another, as you would say over here, Rossano never had the nerve to make a formal proposal. We were walking

*continued on page 20*

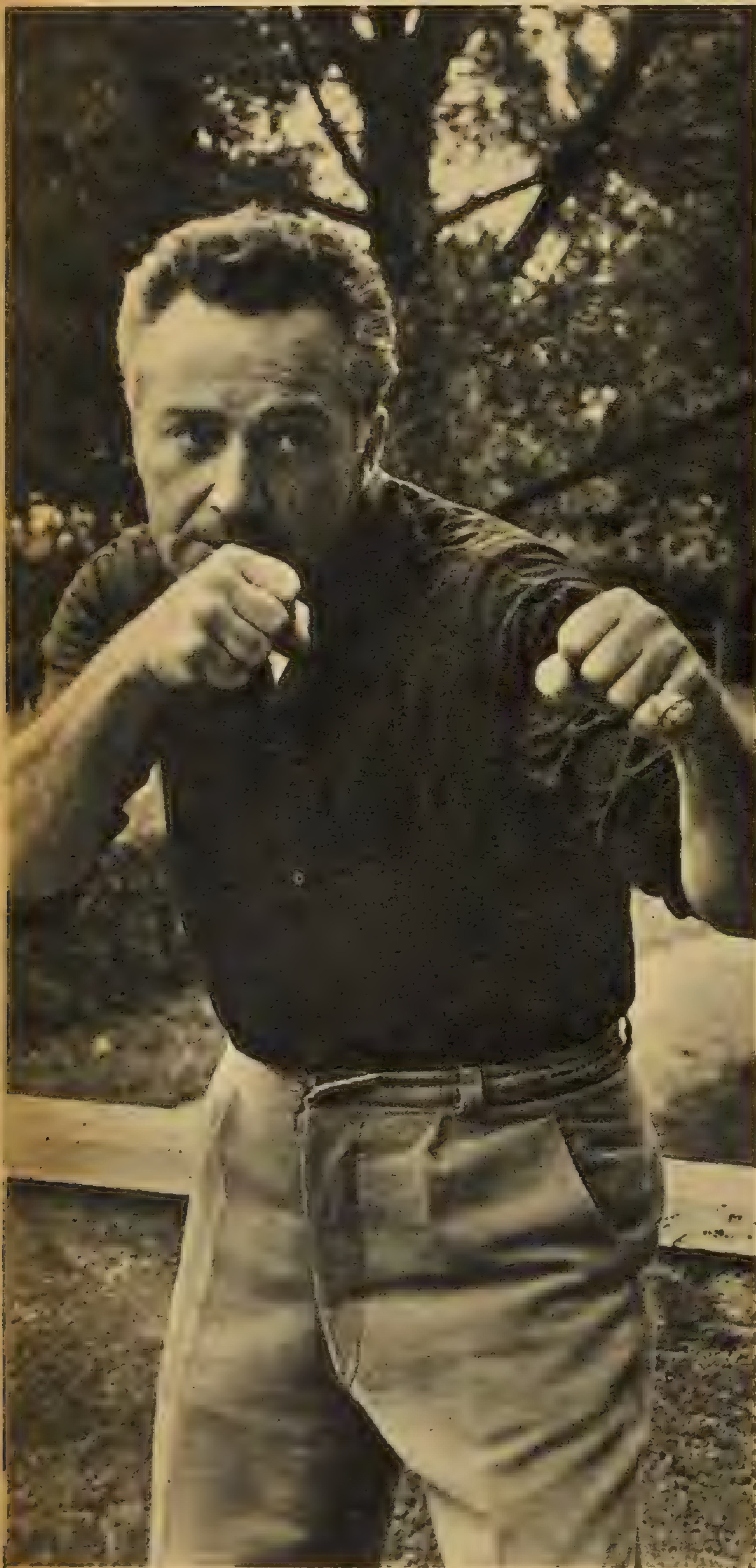






*Of the rugged individualist pictured, his wife says:*

*"He is convinced that he is boss and I wouldn't contradict him"*



**THE LEAD** in "South Pacific" was a role Rossano didn't have to fight for. He's so perfect it might have been written for him.

**CRITICAL** of himself, Rossano refuses to see any of his pictures, always thinks he could have done better.

along the banks of the Arno River one afternoon when he remarked casually—but I could hear the tremble in his voice—"And after we are married, Lydia . . ."

That's how we got engaged.

Rossano has never lost that boyish quality, although it seems to be apparent mostly to myself and a few others who are very close to him.

Basically, he is not a shy person. He loves people, parties and affection—from people he knows. He is charming on interviews and relaxed on the set and on personal appearance tours because it's part of his work and he looks at himself like an outsider. Yet he cringes when he becomes the center of attraction on other occasions, and will do almost anything to get out of it.

For instance, we were having dinner at a very nice restaurant in Beverly Hills the other day when I asked him to please call the house because we expected a special delivery letter from a dear friend of ours.

"You call. Please?" Rossano came back.

"Why should I call?" I exclaimed.

"Because if I get up, people will recognize me and stare at me all the way to the phone!"

So I got up and made the call myself.

**H**E acts the same way when we go to a movie, a play, or concert. On his insistence, we come in after the performance has started, when it's dark inside and we can sneak to our places unnoticed. And after the show is over, he walks out so fast I can hardly keep up with him.

When I say my husband is boyish I don't mean "immature". He is one of the most intelligent persons I have







**THE GOOD** life, Brazzi version, includes a fine vino, expensive sports cars and a beautiful home near Rome's Villa Borghese.

ever met, with a mind that is razor sharp. He graduated from University at 19 at the top of his class, and became an assistant to a lawyer while continuing to work for his bar examination.

Although Rossano handled only one case before he turned to acting full time, he would have had a brilliant career in law. He proved it with the one and only case he ever handled.

A woman had stolen a chicken, and was as guilty as she could be. But Rossano got her acquitted because he found an old law which said if an object is unclaimed after 24 hours, it belongs to whoever has it. Since more than 24 hours had elapsed before a claim was made, he won on a technicality—but he won.

However, most of the time Rossano enjoys being treated like a little boy, although he'd be the last to admit it. In fact, he is convinced that he is boss in the house. I wouldn't dare contradict him—when he's around. But I get my way . . .

Last year, I felt we needed a bigger house. Whenever I mentioned the subject, Rossano cried out, "Lydia—why do you want to move? I'm happy where we are . . ."

I thought he'd be happier some place else. And so I waited until he went to Africa for "Legend Of The Lost," then I bought a beautiful old home near the Villa Borghese, overlooking the most ancient part of Rome.

I didn't write Rossano anything about it. Nor did I tell him when he got back. Instead, I made a deal with my husband's agent to bring Rossano to the house under the pretext of having a drink there with a friend . . .

**T**HE moment Rossano walked in, he was fascinated by the place. "Someday I'd like a house like this," he said with longing.

That's when I came out from behind the door where I'd been hiding. "It's ours," I said.

He looked at me like I had lost my mind. "Lydia—what are you doing here? And what is this all about?"

"I bought it while you were in Africa . . ."

Although delighted, he was too stubborn to show it. "And what would you do if I didn't like it?"

"In that case," I said beamingly, "I already have a buyer for it. And," I added, "I can make a profit."

"Don't you dare," he cried out, and I knew everything was going to be all right.

Most of the time, he is happy to let me take over . . . When we go on a trip, I pack his clothes. When he gets sick, he can't be babied enough. He lets me make his appointments—and remind him to keep them.

But I've learned to sit back and keep quiet too, literally speaking! Like when he gets behind the wheel of his car

*continued on page 59*



# *Bonjour, Miss Kerr*



**LEAVING** behind for one moment the rocky Southern coast, Deborah pauses during filming of Columbia's "Bonjour Tristesse."



An early start each day on location leaves lots of time for sun 'n' fun on the unforgettable French Riviera



photographs by Bob Willoughby



**SERIOUS** interlude: a confab with producer-director Otto Preminger (not seen in picture) finds newcomer Geoffrey Horne deeply interested.

**HAPPY** interlude: hubby Tony Bartley and Jean Seberg look on as Deborah chats with daughters Melanie and Francesca.



continued  
on page 24



**DEBORAH KERR** continued

A lazy life on the Riviera? Not for Deborah. But hard work is no strain against a background of Mediterranean blue



**CLOWNING** with co-star David Niven and producer-director Preminger, Deborah takes no chances on getting sunburnt. What a hat!





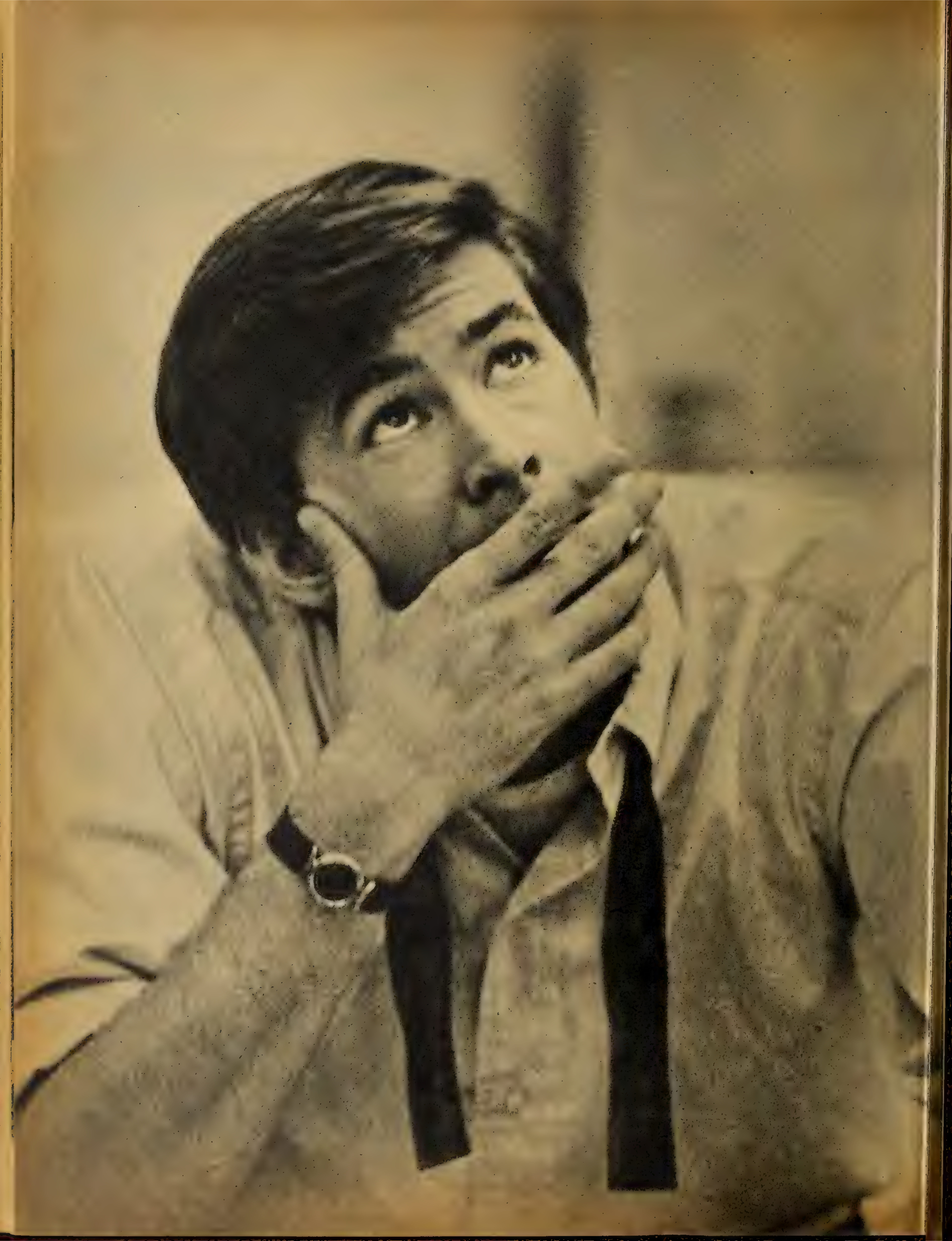
**BARE FEET** typify the new Deborah who first took off her shoes in "From Here To Eternity," won on Oscar nomination.

**IN FRANCE** you do what the French do and aperitifs with David Niven are part of the happy routine on set.



**MOOD** for the tragic finale of "Bonjour Tristesse" is set by Deborah as she tries to comfort Jean, upset over Deb's engagement to her father. **END**







# What Tony Perkins found out about Hollywood

*Thoughtful Tony looks back over two  
meteoric years in a tough town  
and discovers that the spotlight's glow is  
often warming but not always rosy*

UNLIKE most actors and especially one of his youthful years, Tony Perkins has an intuitive gift for sizing up a situation and responding with keen perception. On this particular occasion, he hadn't the remotest intention of deviating from customary procedure.

Smack on the nose at the appointed time, Tony walked into our hilltop home, incidentally, one of his favorites.

"I'll always remember the first time I came up here," he pushed by and stood at the window. "The color of the water in your pool is amazing—it's not like any other I've seen here in Hollywood."

Tony's eyes and words were directed straight ahead of him. Turning unexpectedly, he made his way through the dining room into the kitchen. He opened the refrigerator door.

"There just has to be ice cream in the freezer," he speculated, "there always was before." He scooped out a mound of vanilla into a dish he'd lifted from the cupboard shelf.

"Do you mind if I lie on the tile floor while we talk? It's cooler there." The question actually was more of a declaration. Tony slid his ice cream across the expanse and curled himself around its final resting place.

"You said on the phone you wanted to know the difference between me now and August 18, 1955, the day I arrived in Hollywood," he took the initiative.

"What you *really* meant was," Tony continued with a roguish gleam in his dark, discerning eyes, "am I bitter,

*continued on page 28*



**CALLING** up girls is rougher now that Tony's a star. His dates know they'll become gossip bait as soon as he takes them out.



disillusioned and on the defensive? Am I eager to strike back at those who've maligned me—now that I'm no longer the newest white hope of Hollywood?"

Tony had summed up our intent and purpose in his fashion, but we don't think that deep down he honestly believes he's anything less than a reigning favorite. His pride wouldn't permit it and besides, he's well aware he represents over eighteen million dollars in unreleased pictures. It still follows, however, that wise and wary Tony has made illuminating discoveries about Hollywood and what can happen to a novice when his star is jet-propelled into ascendancy.

In some instances, he'll discuss his discoveries with complete candor. But when he flashes a furtive look, or shrugs with amused indifference, you know you've hit a nerve center!

Conceding that Tony's become a top target for censure and criticism, would he do a lot of things differently—if he had them to do all over again? Tony's reaction was spontaneous, but he creates the impression he's trying out his answers on himself—*first!*

"I wouldn't do one thing differently—not *one* thing. Remember when they put my picture on the cover of a national magazine? Some actors wait years for such a break, but it happened to me almost immediately and I was thrilled. What's more, I went around the entire Paramount lot and showed it to everyone. I know some were amused and predicted I'd be bored and blasé before the ink was dry. It doesn't matter

what they said. If I got another cover on that same magazine today, I'd still be just as thrilled—and I'd still show it to everyone from the gateman to the front office."

Would he—really? You have to take Tony's word that he would, but it's no state secret that he's deeply sensitive and bent on shunning disapproval. Despite himself, anxiety creeps into his expressive eyes, even when he makes light of a situation. Take that time he happened to be chatting with SCREENLAND columnist Sheilah Graham at a big Hollywood party. Said Sheilah, more or less to make conversation:

"Well, Tony, now that you've hit the top, has success lived up to everything you dreamed it would be?"

Not a bit abashed, he grinned back at her.

"I find success, as you term it, both disillusioning and disappointing. So much is expected of you that no matter how hard you try, someone is going to disapprove of you."

When Sheilah's face telegraphed her surprised feelings, Tony quickly countered. "Well, you asked me, didn't you? So I gave you an honest answer!"

**R**EMINDING Tony of this incident served to awaken it in his conscious mind. It was obvious he was re-evaluating his point of view and giving it second consideration.

"When I said I was disappointed and disillusioned," Tony recalled, "that wasn't the full context of my meaning. I meant I was disappointed and disillusioned about *certain things*."

**ON THE SET** it's time for checking all details. Tony's latest picture is Paramount's "Desire Under The Elms" with Sophia Loren.





himself often and each role he meets with equal thought, study and "endeavor"—his motto

I meant that I had found out that you can't do certain things without thinking and when you do, you always pull a clinker in success."

Would Tony care to expose clinkers that had back-fired?

"How many would you like me to expose?" he deadpanned. Then he threw back his head and laughed. Obviously he was laughing at his own private joke, which had failed to penetrate beyond that first layer of Perkins sensitivity.

"Walking around barefooted!" The words shot out of him. "That was a clinker to end all clinkers! Did you see that cartoon showing two men meeting on the street? The first asked the second why he had such a look of chagrin on his face. The second answered: 'I just saw Tony Perkins and didn't recognize him with his shoes on!' See what I mean? Walking barefooted suddenly became my badge, just because I did it a half-dozen times. With all the fuss that was made, you'd think I'd been walking around in my birthday suit!"

Another clinker? Tony looked thoughtful. Then he concentrated on the empty ice cream dish, as if he half-expected it to refill itself. Stretching himself full-length on the floor he stared at the ceiling.

"I'm clinker-happy," he muttered into space. "Now let's see—clinkers—clinkers. Oh yes, this one catches up with me every time I cut a corner. When I was in Europe, people publicizing the picture kept reminding me to write newsy

**CURLED** up on anything is Tony's own way to relax anywhere.



**ALONE** but not lonely, he spends time in self-appraisal. Aware and sensitive of a need for approval, Tony works hard to get it.

letters to Hollywood columnists. I probably would have written to them all anyway, as they've been very nice to me. So I got panned for doing this and was accused of buttering up the press. Next time I'll know better."

"As long as I'm in this business," now Tony was dead-serious, "I want to get along. It's true that I didn't make use of my opportunities and apply myself when I was in high school. I've tried to make up for it since and Hollywood has helped me to prove I can accept limitless responsibilities. Because I believe success in Hollywood is 90% personality, this explains why I like to try every angle.

"Perhaps this ambition was instilled through my memory of a big sign in the main study hall at college. There was just one word in bold letters—ENDEAVOR! I've never forgotten it and I think endeavor is wonderful. I think I can make myself clear by explaining it this way.

**"YOU** have your choice when you start out to make your own way. You can be hard-boiled, or you can be tough and driving. You can be driving and impatient, or you can use—endeavor. I'm not tough, pushy, or impatient, regardless of whatever impression some people may have of me. I could never achieve success by marrying an Elizabeth Taylor, or being seen at Ciro's with the current Zsa Zsa. So what is the answer? For me—endeavor!"

When Tony Perkins checked in at Paramount he walked in through those studio gates for the first time in his life and received number one attention. "The Friendly Persuasion" was a smash hit; everyone knew it and went out of his way to extend the red carpet. By his own admittance, at this point Tony's outlook was limited to visualizing his name in lights on a theatre marquee. In time, his eyes were opened by his discoveries.

"Now when I get a script," he nods knowingly, "I think about how many pages are in it and how hard the work is. This was inevitable, because the reaction to 'The Friendly

*continued on page 70*





**BETWEEN** scenes, Kim chats with co-workers on production.

**DEMANDING** role of "The Goddess" is an actress' dream.

**KIM STANLEY**

# Meet "The Goddess"

*She's Kim Stanley, who  
is making her movie debut  
with the kind of  
role that's sure to win her  
plaudits and perhaps  
even an Academy Award*

**T**HE WAITER took the order without batting an eyelash: one vodka on rocks with a twist of lemon, a glass of milk and a Shirley Temple. The vodka was for Kim Stanley, the impressively talented star of Columbia Pictures' release, "The Goddess," written by Paddy Chayevsky. The milk was for the picture's press agent, who had ulcers. And the Shirley Temple was for Kim's six-year-old daughter, Lisa.

"What hotel is this?" Lisa asked, doubling up her legs, planting her feet on the leather seat and bracing her chin on her bare knees.

"The St. Regis," her mother supplied. She didn't look at all formidable as some of the local gossip went, just mildly harassed like most mothers with three young children do.

Lisa looked around and didn't seem especially impressed. You couldn't say the same about the other patrons in the softly-lit lounge of the New York hotel. It was cocktail hour and the looks beamed in the direction of our oddly-assorted group skipped first to the child, then to the glass of milk, next to a doll with orange hair and lingered longest on Kim. She was wearing a sweater and skirt. The sweater was Loden green, the kind put on for comfort, not show. Since she is neither a raving beauty, nor an elegant

*continued on page 33*

By RAHNA MAUGHAN







photos by Muky



**KIM STANLEY** continued

*Though it's hard to believe, Kim says: "I'll never be a great actress; you must devote your life to it and I can't"*



**ATTRACTIVE** but not by Hollywood standards, Kim has an indefinable quality that makes people aware of her when she's around.





**A SHY** person by nature, when it comes to acting, Kim can be startlingly outspoken.



**THE PERFECTIONIST** in Kim will not let her rest until she feels that every detail of a scene is absolutely right.

dresser, it was her hair you noticed first. There was lots of it, very bright and golden, and it hung almost straight down to her shoulders. Every now and then a wisp would fall across her right eye, but she was so wrapped up in whatever it was she was saying, she paid no attention to it.

"I'm really sorry I had to have Lisa along," Kim apologized. "But she's been sick with this flu thing and it's her first day out. I honestly didn't think about the interview and promised to take her to a place on 49th Street where a man blows wonderful little glass figures."

The drinks came. A Shirley Temple is ginger ale, grenadine, and a cluster of maraschino cherries. It looked very special and pretty.

Lisa was still unimpressed. She had wanted hot chocolate—her throat was raspy—but sounding like any other apprehensive mother, Kim had vetoed the idea. "You'll get overheated. It's very warm in here, and we'll be going out into the damp cold."

Then Kim launched into an almost unheard of opinion in show business on whether or not a woman's career interferes with raising a family.

"Oh, it definitely does. Even though my sister-in-law says I spend more time with my children than most of her suburban friends do with theirs, I have to reassure myself at times. I felt it especially keenly while I was making 'The Goddess.' It was filmed here in New York and for three months I was away from the children from six o'clock in the morning until about seven at night. By then I was so tired, I had just about enough energy to say goodnight." That in itself was almost enough to sour Kim on movie-making. "I try to keep the children with me as much as I can. We're all going to Europe soon where I'll do 'Cat On A Hot Tin Roof'

on the stage in London. It'll be my first trip there, and I'm so excited about it."

Born Patricia Reid in Tularosa, N. M., to Dr. J. T. Reid and his wife, the former Ann Miller, Kim was attending the University of Texas when she heard of another girl in one of her classes with the name of Patricia Reid. That was when she became Kim Stanley, pronto.

At this same school, as a pre-medical student majoring in psychology, she decided the extra-curricular play-acting she was doing was much more satisfying and less sickening than dissecting a frog.

After graduation, in 1946, she came East bolstered only by the encouragement of a director who had seen her act and suggested she consider becoming a professional. Besides those good words, \$21 languished anemically in her purse. In New York, she rented a \$7 a week furnished room in the West 30's near 10th Avenue and started job hunting.

**T**HE outlook was bleak, but Kim kept at it despite being told by producer Russel Crouse, for whom she read Shakespeare, to go back to Texas. Eventually, she found work with a summer stock company in New Jersey. During the next two years, acting jobs were non-existent, so she supported herself by working as a model and a waitress. Every minute of her spare time was consumed by studying, and finally she enrolled at the Actors Studio. She saved her money, as only a dedicated person can, and branched out in such *avant garde* puzzlers as "him" by e. e. cummings. "The Dog Beneath The Skin," and Gertrude Stein's "Yes Is For A Very Young Man." Then, all of her money went into an off-Broadway acting group. The venture was a financial failure. Her next role was the lead in the Equity Library

*continued on page 61*



# Can Rock Hudson Save His Marriage?

*It seemed ideal until Rock walked out on  
Phyllis. Both are mute on the reasons and  
in their silence there is room for hope*



**HAPPY** just to be with one another was the way the Hudsons always appeared. No wonder their separation was such a surprise.

**T**HE TALL, hatless young man who slid out of his Buick convertible looked around guardedly as if to make sure no one had noticed him. The wind whipping at his hastily combed-down chestnut hair, he lowered his chin, snatched the parking stub from the attendant's hand, raced up the steps to the carpeted lobby of The Beverly Hills Hotel, took long, purposeful strides to the front desk, and told the clerk, "I'd like a room—a single."

His lips were tight and his eyes were flashing with anger as he signed the register. The clerk looked at the signature, and had to summon all his occupational discretion to keep from registering the surprise he felt.

"Yes, sir," he said, and rang for the bellboy.

He had almost blurted out, "Yes, Mr. Hudson." But Rock Hudson hadn't signed his own name.

Rock Hudson's elaborate efforts to keep Hollywood from finding out that he had walked out on his wife in a burst of husbandly indignation were, of course, futile. A mere pseudonym on a hotel register was scarcely sufficient disguise to conceal his unhappy secret.

By morning the news was out, and Hollywood was flabbergasted—as it always is when the ceiling falls in on an idyllic love nest. Certainly there had been no foreboding of this crisis in one of tinseltown's most relaxed marriages. Rock and his vivacious brunette wife of less than two years were paragons of marital devotion.

Unsubstantiated rumors that Rock had been fleetingly enamored of Jennifer Jones, his leading lady in "A Farewell To Arms," were dismissed as the inevitable poppycock that becomes grist for the mills of hearsay every time two screen lovers become paired. The titillating tidbit was filed with a generous grain of salt inspired by the reminder that even more flamboyant rumors of a romance with Elizabeth Taylor

*continued on page 36*







had been sweeping the town when Rock disposed of them by the spectacular device of marrying Phyllis Gates.

Not that Rock's marriage to Phyllis was anything as cynical as a device. Far from it. Their union had quickly taken stature as a near-perfect mating. They lived a comfortable, unhurried and happily prosaic existence within the walls of their red Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse in the Hollywood Hills. Career—at least so it had seemed—had posed none of the usual problems. There was only one star in the family—Rock. And Phyllis was his happy satellite. She had one career, one ambition—to shine as Mrs. Rock Hudson and nothing else.

**E**VEN Rock's film assignments in far-flung corners of the world had not kept them apart. When Rock went to Africa on location for "Something Of Value," Phyllis was at his side. Wherever his work took him—to another state, another country or another continent—Phyllis went along. It gave them an opportunity to travel together. The more they saw of the world, the more they saw of each other.

Only once were they separated—when Rock went off to Rome to make "A Farewell To Arms" opposite Jennifer Jones. Phyllis had to remain behind because of hepatitis and her attack was so acute that it required her hospitalization. But during those five months apart, it wasn't a case of out of sight, out of mind. Rock phoned his wife daily from Italy, and they laughed over their private jokes, and spoke longingly of the day they would be reunited.

That day eventually came, and to all intents and purposes, their reunion was as joyous as they had hoped it would be.



**FROM ITALY,** Rock called Phyllis, ill in Hollywood, daily.



**WHILE** making "A Farewell To Arms" in Italy, Rock worked very hard, without rest, and perhaps this took its toll emotionally.

There was little time for contemplation, however, for as soon as Rock finished shooting "A Farewell To Arms" at Warner Bros., his home studio, Universal-International, shipped him off to Honolulu for location shooting on still another picture, "Twilight Of The Gods." This time, however, Phyllis accompanied him, and from all reports she and Rock got along rapturously on the islands.

It came as all the more of a shock, therefore, when without any storm warnings, Rock stomped out of his dream castle. What had gone wrong?

Surely, it was not the first time Rock and Phyllis had argued—but evidently it was the first time Rock had chosen to walk out, rather than talk it out. Whatever it was that had precipitated the impasse, Rock was in no mood to talk about it, nor was Phyllis, who remained behind, stoically continuing to preside over the family home.

Rock allowed himself only one cryptic comment:

"This is something between my wife and myself. We're the only people involved, and it's up to us to resolve what problems we have. I'm not prepared to say anything else. It's pointless to."

Thus, with his typically uncommunicative attitude toward



*films; friends feel if he had a much needed rest his marriage could be saved*



**THE TRAGIC** couple in "Farewell To Arms," played by Jennifer Jones and Rock Hudson, meet and fall in love during World War I.

his personal life, Rock flung open the doors to speculation, and Hollywood pundits, informed and otherwise, rose to the occasion by putting on their guessing caps.

Was it over, with a sudden clap of domestic thunder, between Rock and Phyllis? Or was a reconciliation inevitable, if not imminent, as confidently hinted by Rock's closest confidante and his wife's erstwhile employer, agent Henry Willson—an optimism shared, incidentally, by all friends of the young couple?

Yet it seemed alarming that the first and obvious hope of a rapprochement failed without realization. They had separated less than a month before their second wedding anniversary, and friends who knew how sentimental Rock was about personal milestones, had optimistically hoped that Rock and Phyllis would celebrate by kissing and making up.

**I**N fact, six months after they were married, Rock had sent his blushing bride a bouquet of flowers with the inscription, "You now have a half. Would you like to try for one?" They fully expected that now she would receive another bouquet from her estranged mate, with a contrite overture, "You now have two. Would you like to try for three?"

But no such gesture was forthcoming. If that was significant, however, what importance was to be assigned to the fact that Rock Hudson was unable to pass up his second wedding anniversary as if the recent stresses and strains on his marriage had made it a matter of indifference to him?

Certainly his friends seized upon it as a hopeful augury when Rock took Phyllis out to celebrate their second anniversary. And just as certainly, they were distressed when he failed to return home at the end of that fateful day. As Rock had said, it was up to Phyllis and him to resolve "what problems we have," but their failure to reconcile on their second anniversary generated ominous fears of just how grave those problems had become.

Hope fought with apprehension. On the one hand, Rock and Phyllis alike had scrupulously refrained from any overt acts or statements. Rock had fled to a hotel, not a lawyer. He had burned no bridges behind him. Nor had Phyllis, who continued to keep up appearances around town as Mrs. Hudson. She had shown not the slightest intention of reverting to her maiden name of Gates, and she kept up social relationships with their mutual friends, including a hospital visit to Marlon Brando's wife, Anna Kashfi, whom she had

*continued on page 60*







PAT WAYNE

# Island Fling

*Pat went to Balboa for a holiday, met a young lady he often dates and together they had a slightly terrific time*

◀ **A WHARF** is just the place to catch some cones, so it seems.



photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe



**A BICYCLE** ride provided some laughs for Pat, who certainly bears an amazing resemblance to his famous father, John Wayne.

**PAT'S DATE** in Balboa, a resort about 50 miles from Los Angeles, was pert and pretty Vicki Lewis.

*continued on page 40*



**PAT WAYNE** continued

*All you need is some sunshine in a blue sky, a tangy sea taste  
and baskets full of fresh air to make you feel completely relaxed*



**TOURING** the island, Pat and Vicki came across a post office and thought it would be a lot of fun to send post cards to their friends.

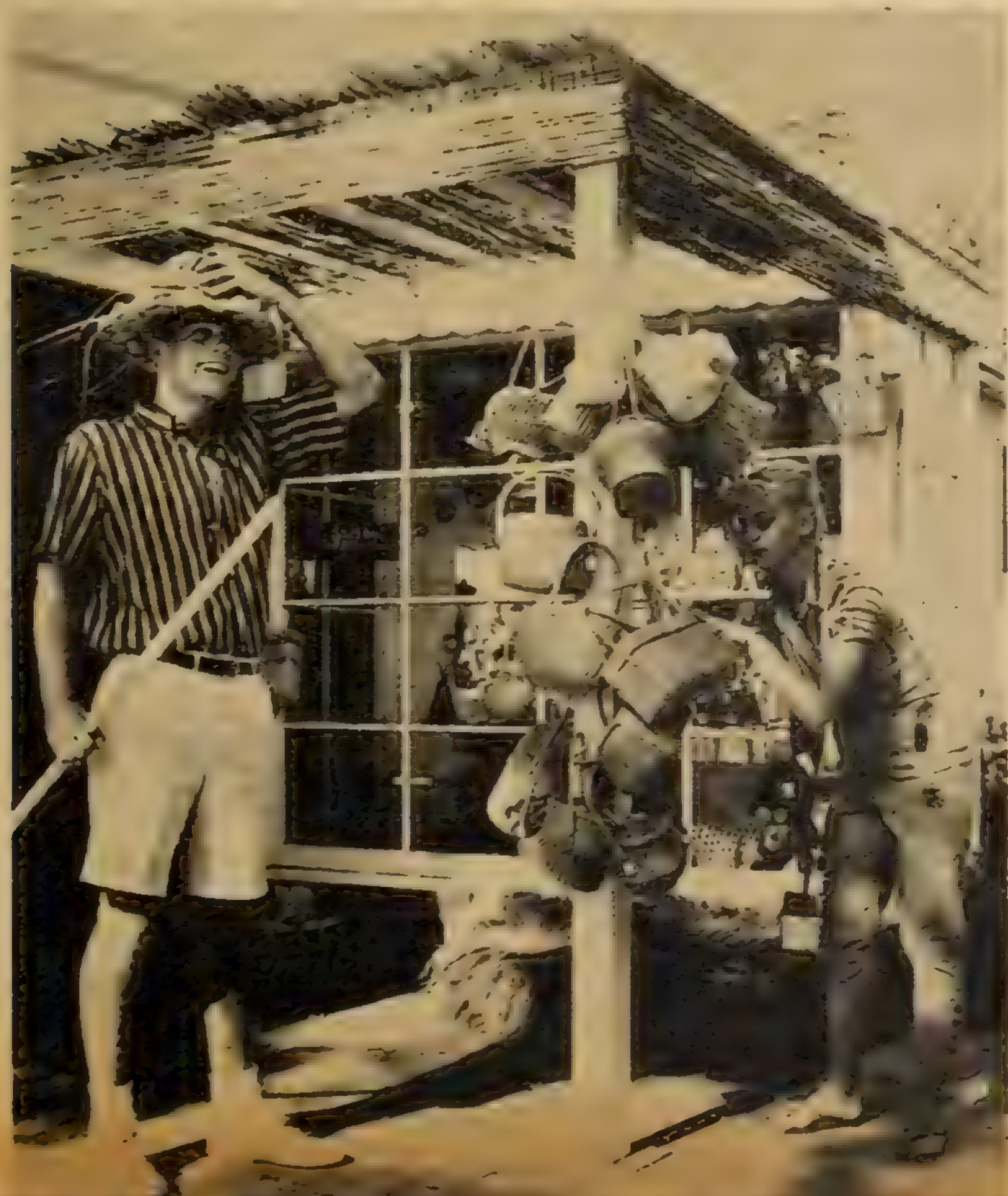




**FISHING** equipment fascinates both Pat and Vicki. You'll soon be seeing handsome Pat in the Buena Vista release, "The Young Land."

**A STRAW** hat for Pat and a basket purse for Vicki because a holiday, no matter how brief, isn't a holiday without a souvenir.

**THEY** try a fishing rod out for size. Pat and Vicki will test their skill on the waterfront before wending their way towards home.



**END**





# How Tony

*Winters' storms have ceased—*

**A KID** again, Tony looks as if he finds this way of going to the studio fun.

By LEO GUILD

**T**HERE is a very old saw about an irresistible force meeting an immovable object, and the century-old speculation has always been which one would give first under the impact of such a meeting. Well, all bets are off—the meeting has taken place, in the persons of Anthony Franciosa (the extremely irresistible force) and Shelley Winters (the immovable, not to say implacable, object), and the verdict is clear-cut. The “immovable” object capitulated completely.

In place of Shelley Winters, the brash, wise-cracking, outspoken “terror” of Hollywood, there is a new Shelley, a warm, womanly Winters. What has been responsible for this complete flip? “Tony, of course,” Shelley answered without hesitation, when we spoke with her recently.

“Tony is the reason behind everything. Because of him I watch myself now when I talk to people. Before I knew Tony, I used to speak before I thought, and I saw how what I’d said flippantly would hurt people. Now I try to give things the benefit of some calm thinking before I say what’s on my mind.”

And *Tony*, whose reputation hasn’t exactly been for placidity and meekness, is behind all this? “Tony has taught me tolerance for other people’s opinions,” Shelley admitted gravely. “He knows as well as I do that he has a problem—his impulsive temper—but it only shows up when it’s warranted . . . when he’s provoked beyond the point he thinks is justified.” (One close observer likened the Franciosa temper to Ravel’s “Bolero”: “Before you know it, it’s built to where you can’t stand it, but it fades away as quickly as it began.”)

“But,” Shelley added, “he knows it’s there, he doesn’t pretend it doesn’t exist. It’s just one of the problems that we have worked out together.”

That word *together* is the tip-off to Tony’s and Shelley’s life now. They approach everything from the vantage point of two people

*continued on page 44*

photos by Bill Avery



# Subdued Shelley (*and vice versa*)

*she's found a place in the sun due to a force named Franciosa, a reason old as time*





*Out of the chaos of his emotional problems a highly creative actor struggles to understand himself and his world*



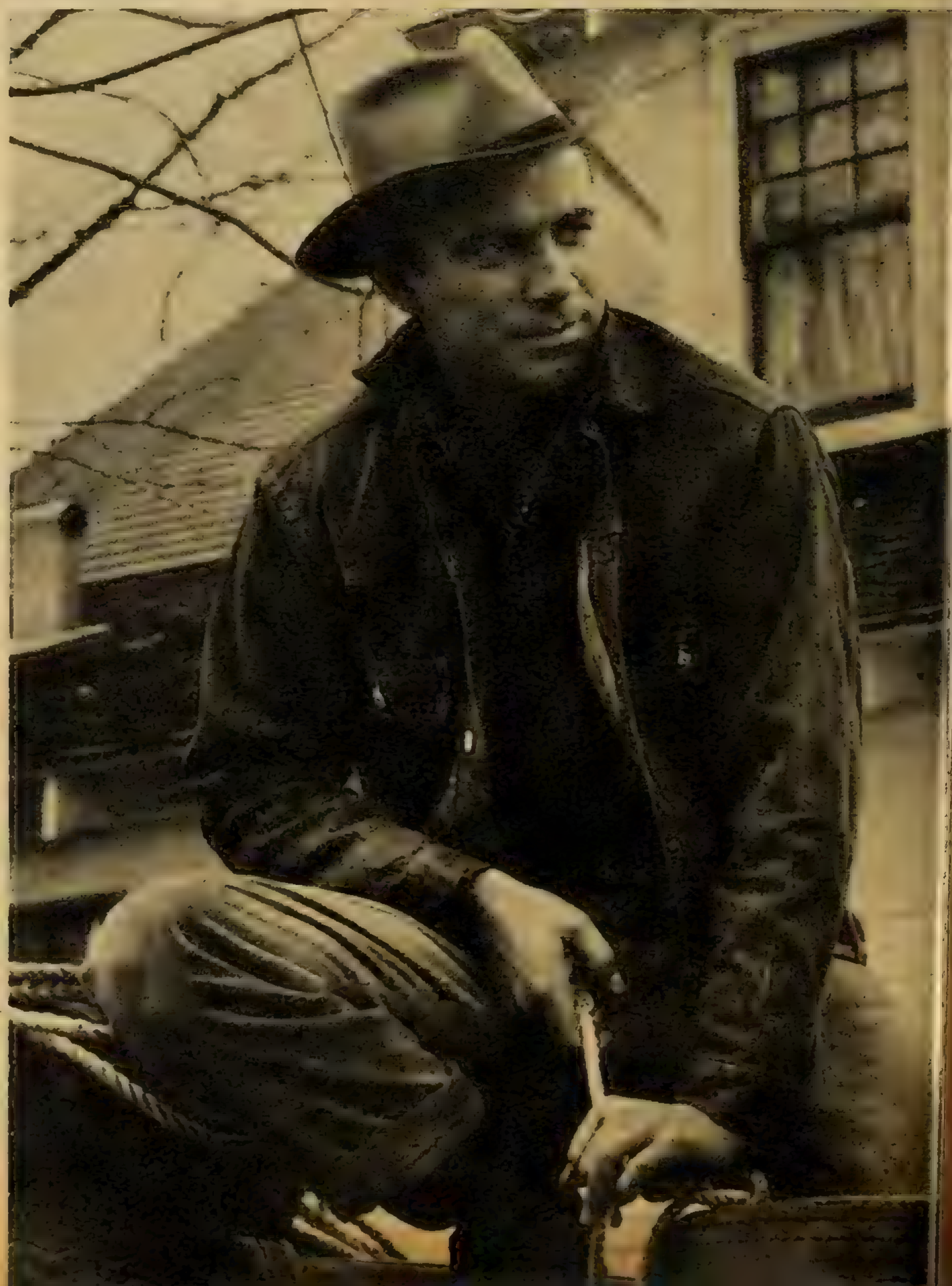
**DRIVEN** by a non-stop energy, the explosive personality of Anthony Franciosa rips across the screen in each part he plays.

whose lives are irrevocably bound up in one another. Their marriage, which seemed to some people to have come out of the blue, was actually preceded by two long years in which Tony and Shelley got to know each other so thoroughly there was no doubt in either of their minds that this marriage had to be.

From the first, it was Tony to whom Shelley turned. She was a temporary refugee from Hollywood, living in New York with her young daughter, Vittoria, the one good thing Shelley has to remember from her marriage to Vittorio Gassman. Tony was a desperately broke young actor who'd learned how to make a few cents go a long, long way while he studied his hard-chosen profession at the Actors Studio. They met when they were arbitrarily picked out of the class to work up a scene together, and thus the stage was set for the grand collision.

As a background to this, Shelley had had seven years under contract to Universal-International. During those seven years, she spent an accumulated two years under suspension. She turned down pictures she didn't feel were right for her, and ones she didn't think she was right for, and each time she turned them down, off the payroll she went. She was, in a sense, the original rebel without a cause

**ON LOCATION** in Nevada for "Wild Is The Wind," Tony's vital approach to acting was matched by co-star Anna Magnani.







**TOGETHER** is the word that best describes the Franciosas these days. Shelley tries to join Tony on location whenever she can.

... or with a lost cause, the finding of Shelley Winters. The pictures she did make were uneven—some touching near-greatness (like “A Double Life” and “A Place In The Sun”), more often, mere hacks turned out to capitalize on the Western vogue or the craze for detective movies. Her press relations at this time were at their lowest ebb; she had a reputation for being loud and brash; she consistently seemed to be at odds with the world.

“I was really that kind of girl,” she said, in a low voice. “The studio got hold of some remarks I made that were—I’ll admit it—sarcastic, and I guess they decided, ‘Ah, that’s what the Winters dame is. She’s the bluff, wise-cracking type,’ and from that time on, as far as they were concerned, that’s all I was.”

The publicity mills began to grind out reports of this terrible-tongued Virago, and not far behind them was Shelley, working hard to live up to her publicity. There was, for instance, the story of Shelley being warned about a certain producer whose reputation was none too savory. “Be careful when you have an appointment with that one,” she was told. “He’ll tear the dress right off your back!” “So,” replied the unruffled Shell, “I’ll wear an old dress.”

**T**HEN there was the newspaperman who asked Shelley if she thought she and Marilyn Monroe were anything alike. This was at the time when Shelley and Vittorio Gassman were splitting, and Marilyn and Joe DiMaggio were calling it a day. “Well, we’re both blondes and we’ve both alienated

the American film market in Italy,” Shelley flipped saucily.

Strangely enough though, when Shelley seemed to be the bravest and loudest, she couldn’t have been feeling less sure of herself. Caught by the monster-mill of publicity, she had begun to lose sight of the real Shelley Winters. Oh, sure, she could pick up a fan magazine and find herself neatly dissected, analyzed and explained by a writer who had never met her, but this didn’t help bring her any closer to what she was so desperately seeking.

And during all this time, where was the comet that finally crashed into Shelley’s life, changing it for good? At the age of 21, Tony put his family, his friends, his whole familiar way of life behind him and bolted. He had discovered acting and thought it might be for him, but faced with the awesome prospect of an audition for the Actors Studio, which hears some three hundred aspirants and takes about six each year, he had been too frightened to go through with it. And so he left New York, where he and Shelley had—unknowingly—been only half a city apart, and bummed around, all over, ending up at last in Los Angeles.

And, as fate would have it, they did not meet in Los Angeles. She was a star, wrestling with the problems that were almost destroying her as an actress and as a woman; he was . . . whatever he was doing at the moment to give himself enough money to live on. It took New York to throw the two together, some four years later.

Tony came back to New York as capriciously as he had abandoned it. He faced the terrifying Actors Studio audition

*continued on page 72*



**FRANK SINATRA**

*For the answers to some ticklish  
questions, we turned a camera  
towards The Voice and proceeded to*

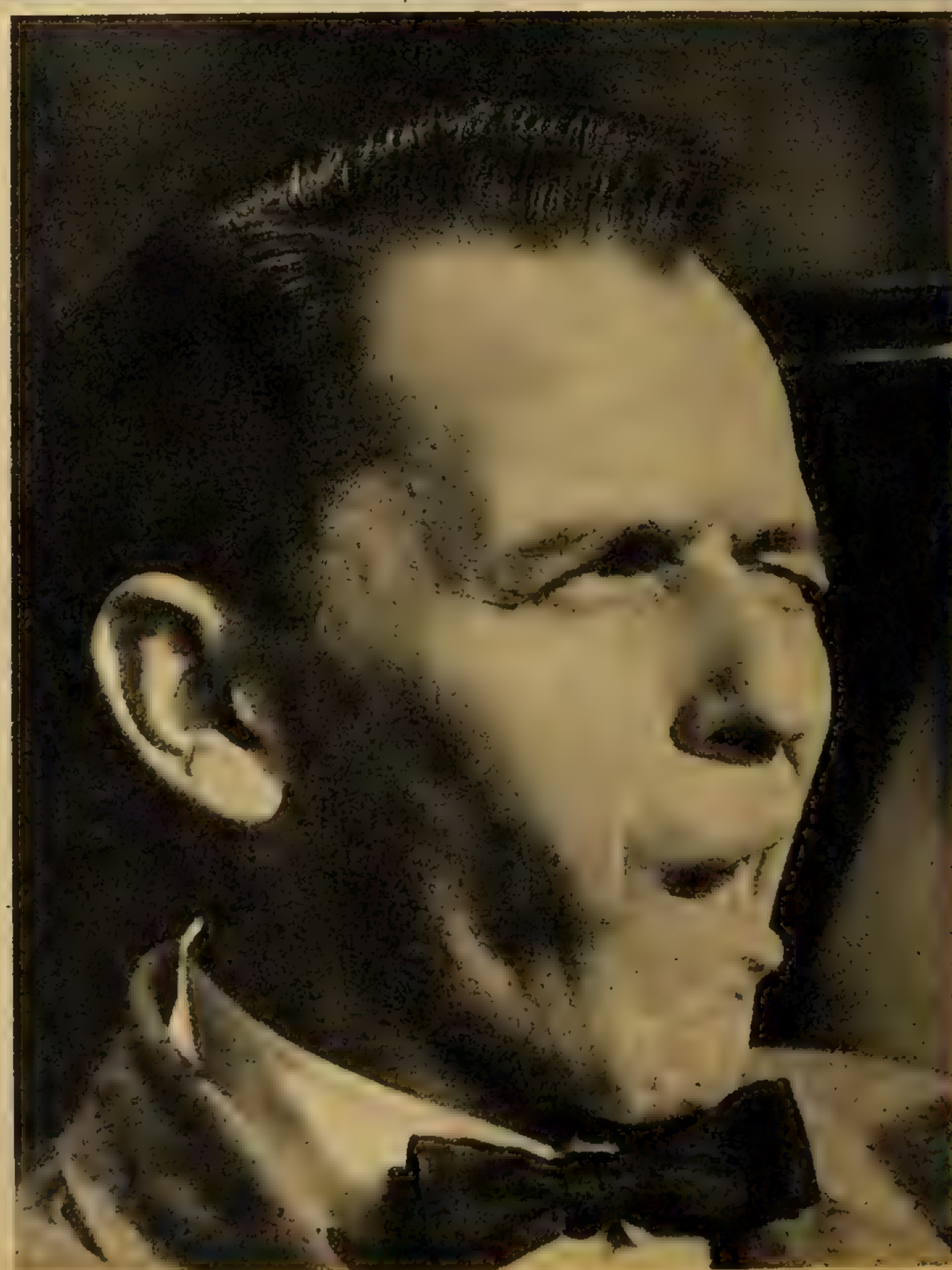
# ASK FRANK



You've been called "difficult to live with." Is it true?



Is it true you're very proud of your three children?



Is it high praise when you call a gal "a real gasser"?





And just what do you think of Miss Lauren Bacall?



Set us straight on how you feel about newspapermen.



Is there truth to the report you've got to be "boss"?



How would you find life sans beautiful women? **END**



# BARGAIN WIFE

*She's pretty and gay as a young spouse should be, but when it comes to balancing the household budget Debbie Reynolds makes the Treasury Department look like amateurs*



**SHOPPING** for "good buys," such as material, is something Deb does frequently and well. Her mother makes most of her clothes.

By HELEN HENDRICKS

**I**T WAS Lita Calhoun who first told me, "Debbie Reynolds is the most practical girl in pictures. She has taught me . . . and a lot of other young marrieds . . . how to have a real respect for a dollar."

Debbie, her pert little brow wrinkled with earnestness, rejoined, "Well, I was trained that way. My parents had a terrible time during the Depression and my mother taught me to be practical, to make every dollar count. It's all in the way you're brought up, I guess. It is so important to know just where your dollars are going."

Debbie definitely knows where her dollars are going and she is the living, if unusual, proof that a girl can be one of the most glamorous ones in show business and still have a level head on her shoulders.

Take the new house which she and Eddie have just bought. This is an example of serious second-thinking. They had bought one earlier, a house which seemed "the perfect dream house" to them. But it didn't work out that way. There was, as it turned out, simply too much space, both inside and out.

The first one had enormous grounds with nearly a hundred trees planted around it. And inside it was spacious . . . much too spacious, with enormous hallways and passages.

"The new one," says Debbie, "has just as much *real* space—three bedrooms, a living room, dining room and so on—but there is much less waste space to take care of. The kitchen is smaller (which pleases our cook) and the grounds are a fraction of the size of the other one we had.

"It was simply a matter of 'dreaming too big' in the first place and of recognizing our mistakes later on. We are just as comfortable here and it is easier to take care of.

"Another thing," she glowed, "is that we bought this one furnished. So now we don't have to go through all the strain of trying to furnish a big place while we are both working so hard. We can take our time and get what we want, little by little, and

*continued on page 50*





**LADY-IN-WAITING**, that's Debbie, who's expecting her second baby shortly. She and husband Eddie Fisher are hoping for a boy.



*When it comes to Eddie, the practical Debbie admits extravagance: "You have to splurge a bit on people you love . . ."*

we won't make so many mistakes. You can save a lot if you take time to shop around, you know."

Debbie is adept at "shopping rounds," as any of her good friends will tell you. She is the one who, when she found she was going to have Carrie Frances, "shopped around" and found a wonderful place in downtown Los Angeles to buy very good nursery furniture for a bit less than in the Beverly Hills shops.

"You don't need to spend a fortune for a tiny baby," she said, wisely. "You just want to get what it needs. You can dress it all up with bunnies and decals if you want to."

"The next thing I knew," she relates, "there seemed to be quite a parade of my friends patronizing the same place to buy little cribs and so on. So many of us seemed to be expecting at the same time."

As for "dressing up" the nursery, the five fabulous baby

showers her friends gave her took care of that, what with satin crib sheets, decorated drapes, lamp shades, bottles, jars, blankets and every other bit of gay baby equipment you can imagine.

"I always wanted to have my children close together," she says, and now that I am pregnant again so soon and have so many lovely things left over from the first shower . . . well, I'll have use for them. It would have been a pity to waste them. It would be really wonderfully practical if this baby is another girl!

"Of course," she went on, "part of my reputation for being practical is based on the fact that my mother has always designed and made most of my clothes. I hope she always will. I can have so many more things than I could if I bought them at the expensive places."

"When we were abroad I priced things at a few of the 'good' shops and I was truly shocked at the prices. Of course, if I were to go to some of the exclusive shops in Hollywood, I'd probably be shocked, too. I just don't go. The idea of paying a thousand dollars for one dress is not my idea of fun."

"Mother and I went to a shop in Beverly Hills the other day where they were having a sale of Dior fabrics. We bought enough perfectly beautiful material for about fifteen dresses and suits for me for what I would have had to pay for *two* dresses (not even evening dresses) at an 'exclusive' store here. I'll have a whole new wardrobe."

"Of course," she mourned, "some girls can sew and make things for themselves. That is wonderful and I wish I could do it. I just never learned. I could be even more practical . . . Mother did give me a sewing kit one time but I haven't even learned to use that. It's for sewing on buttons and turning up hems, but I haven't mastered it."

Debbie prefers informal clothes for everyday wear, slacks, sweaters and shirtwaist dresses. And she likes bright, clear colors, red, blue, pink or lilac. "Colors that make me feel happy," she laughs.

She says that she dislikes formal frocks. "I always feel that I am working when I have to get into those . . . and usually I am. I wear them mostly for personal appearances or other kinds of professional doings. I am usually a little bit jittery when I'm getting into them and it's such a *task* with all those things you have to do to your hair and your face and so on. They seem like working clothes to me."

**D**EBBIE likes to buy shoes and there, indeed, she enjoys a "bargain." But she insists that she doesn't suffer the frustrations some of her friends do when they buy bargain shoes and find that they do not "go" with anything else they have. "I know exactly what I want when I go to buy . . . and I get them," she says, firmly. "I do not buy just because they are marked down."

She nearly came a cropper, however, with some antique furniture she bought while she was in Atlanta, Georgia. She thought she was being ever so practical about that. Eddie had wanted to buy her a fur stole but Debbie had her eye on this authentic Victorian furniture.

"After all," she coaxed, with the Reynolds logic, "a stole isn't *really* practical in California. You can wear it only a couple of months each season. Furniture you can sit on all year long!" Eddie finally acquiesced, but reluctantly.

*continued on page 71*



**DESPITE** rift rumors, on the surface the only problems the Fishers seem to have are common to any young married couple.





**TROUPER** or not, there are always tense moments before a show. In this case, it was Eddie's TV hour on which Debbie appeared.







Powder by pressing gently, not by rubbing or smacking the puff here and there, and applying all the way from neck to hairline.





By Natalie Wood

Warner Bros. star now in  
"Marjorie Morningstar"



# Five minutes to beauty

*That's all it takes for make-up extras that  
make a million dollar difference in your appearance!*

**UNLESS** you are already an expert at make-up, you'll find that five *extra* minutes may turn you from nice-looking to *very* pretty—or even from very pretty—to downright beautiful! Here are some quick extras that will show you how magical make-up really can be.

**FOUNDATION TO THE VERY EDGE:** After you put on your make-up base, take an additional 30 seconds to remember the areas you forgot! Carefully cover your neck and as much of your shoulders as your dress will show.

**POWDER, PLUS:** Powder by pressing gently, not by rubbing or smacking the puff here and there. Powder to the hairline, including your eyelashes and lips, neck and ears. It will only take a half minute longer.

**DRAW A PRETTY MOUTH:** Next, outline your lips with a lipstick brush, right over the powder. Start with the center of the upper lip, brush to the corner, then to the center of the lower lip. Do other side the same way. Take 30 seconds extra to extend the corners of the lower lip very slightly beyond the corners of the upper lip. This gives your mouth an upward lift that makes you look gay and happy. Now, fill in your outline with lipstick and extend a little *inside* of your lower lip. This avoids that striped two-color look.

**DO YOUR MOUTH TWICE:** If you'll blot with a tissue, lightly re-powder your freshly made-up lips, and then repeat the whole process—your lipstick will last much, much longer. It will take an extra minute, and it's worth it.

**RUB YOUR EYEBROWS—THE WRONG WAY!** Brush your eye-brows in the wrong direction, then use your eyebrow pencil in short feathery strokes to head them the right way again. This makes color and shaping one operation.

**CURL YOUR EYELASHES:** A quick half-minute with the eyelash curler will make your lashes seem longer. If your lashes already wave in the breeze, you're cheating yourself if you don't play them up with the curler.

**MASCARA—TWICE OVER LIGHTLY:** For mascara, repeat the same double-take technique that you used with lipstick. Brush mascara lightly over the powder clinging to your eyelashes, let dry a few seconds, re-powder sparingly, then apply another very light coat. Makes the lashes look naturally thicker and lasts much longer.

**MAKE IT LAST:** Now, lightly tap your entire make-up job with a square of cotton wrung out of cold water, or,

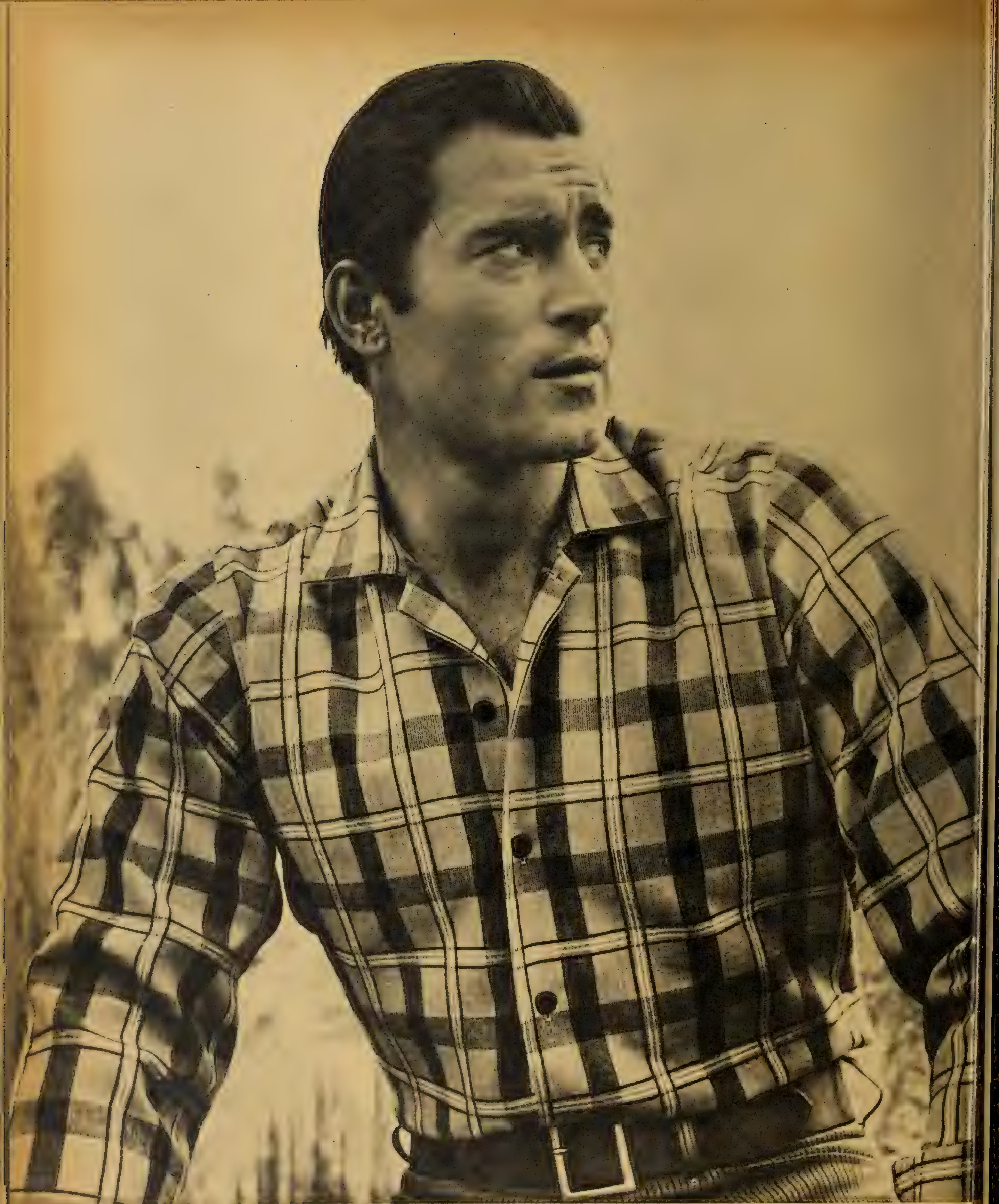


Lipstick will last longer and so will the shape of your mouth if you make up your lips twice. It's well worth the extra time.

better yet, ice water. Go over your whole face, lips, eyes, nose and all—but gently! This "sets" your make-up and gives you a wonderful glow.

And there you are! The whole thing takes five minutes. And you never looked more attractive. **END**





**HEALTH** foods are not merely a fad with Clint who is convinced that they keep him feeling fit. One look at him and who will argue?



# No more to wander

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

*Clint's star has risen high with TV's*

*"Cheyenne" and he'll settle under it and forget the traveling it took to get on top*

**I**F YOU'RE not an avid fan of WABC-TV's "Cheyenne" (and how can *that* be? Its star, Clint Walker, gets about 1,500 fan letters a week), you'll probably fall for Clint in "Fort Dobbs," his first motion picture for Warner Bros., who have him under long-term contract. If you were to meet him in person, you'd surely fall for him.

That is a lot of man. It's safe to say he is the biggest man in cowboy movies. He stands six-feet-six, with an 18-inch neck, a 38-inch waist and hips so slim that he can hardly keep his gun belt up. And though John Wayne and Gary Cooper are hardly small men, Clint burst the seams of their costumes. (Warners figured they'd save money using hand-me-downs, but they were wrong.) It was also difficult to find a horse Clint wouldn't make look like a jackass when he climbed aboard. But he fits fine into the magic eye of any camera, which is the important thing.

Up until two years ago a lot of people noticed Clint Walker, but nobody ever recognized him. Now everybody recognizes him and the many people who are beginning to know him discover that he's an individualist who lives on sunflower seeds and finds fulfillment in nature's wonders.

His father once told him, "Money is the pleasure of a moment, but a mountain is good forever," and Clint took that to heart.

His greatest enjoyment is not to sit and count his money, but to throw a load of camping (and uranium hunting) equipment into the back seat of a station wagon and head for the great unknown with his wife, Verna, and their seven-year-old daughter, Valerie. They're likely to spend weeks out where nobody else is, sleeping under the stars and munching on some figs.

If there is anyone in Hollywood who believes that you are what you eat, that man is Clint.

"A few years ago I wasn't feeling well," he said recently. "The doctor told me I had high blood pressure. That was the beginning of my consciousness about food values.

"I don't use salt—that is, mineral salt. I use vegetable salt. I don't drink coffee or tea. I like grape juice with lime in it. I don't smoke. I like salads and I eat meat only once a day." That is generally at breakfast. One morning he walked into the Brown Derby, ordered two steaks, six eggs and a quart of milk. "To take out?" said the waiter,

*continued on page 64*



**TO KEEP** strong, Clint and wife Verna work out with barbells every morning. Clint's first picture is Warners' "Fort Dobbs."





**ACTING** since her early teens, Claire made her mark playing Shakespearian heroines on the London stage and in British films.



CLAIRE BLOOM

# ONE FOR TEA

*To Claire, acting comes first except  
around mid-afternoon when, film schedule  
or no, like any Englishwoman  
worth her salt the lady prefers her tea*

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe



**PLAYING** a young Russian girl in "The Brothers Karamazov," is far afield for Claire Bloom but she saw it as a challenge.

**AMERICA** was not new to Claire who had two years of schooling in the U.S. when a little girl.

**END**



# Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 12

amiable guy. But a very, very tired one. He's gone from one picture to another with no rest for several years now, meantime getting so big at the box-office that he was named Star of the Year by the Theatre Owners of America, which puts him in a class with Bill Holden and Jimmy Stewart. Great. But he's still very tired and, obviously, his personal life is suffering for it. Rock wants a long, quiet vacation, talks about Italy, Hawaii, Sun Valley, each day changing his mind, another indication of how tired he really is.

**BACHELOR GIRLS**—Joan Collins and Joanne Woodward, who have become close friends, have decided to take an apartment together in Beverly Hills. They plan to buy furniture and decorate it themselves. Which indicates that neither one is contemplating a speedy marriage. Joan's beau, Arthur Loew Jr., will be producing pictures in Europe for six months. Joanne and Paul Newman still date, but of course his divorce is not final.

**"SIMPLE" TASTE**—Dick Powell just bought wife June Allyson a new white Lincoln Continental, just about The Most in cars! So June turned in her white Thunderbird. The Powells also have other cars. But, oddly, you will usually see June being driven around town, to work or to shop, by her secretary in the latter's '55 Ford! June has a new short hair-do, with brief bangs and a duck tail; she'll probably have to cover it up with a wig for "And Ride A Tiger."

**DOUBLE PERFECT**—Many movie-land mates don't like working together but not so Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. They recently finished "The Vikings" in Europe and plan in the Spring to co-star

in "The Perfect Furlough," a modern comedy. "We love to work together. Tony is not only the perfect husband but the perfect co-star," says the ever-lovin' Mrs. C. In the past, you may remember, they also co-starred in "Houdini" and "Black Shield Of Falworth." Meantime, Tony is making "Kings Go Forth" on location and Janet stayed home to unpack all the pretties and paintings they bought in Europe, also giving her a chance to redecorate. Daughter Kelly, now a walking, talking doll of 18-months, is just the cutest. Janet is another gal who's given up her long hair-do for a very short cut.

**TOGETHER, TOO**—Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer are another couple who enjoy working together. They co-starred in "War And Peace" and, come Spring, Mel will direct Audrey in "Green Mansions," to be filmed in Venezuela. Meantime, Audrey goes to the Belgian Congo for "The Nun's Story" and loathes the idea of being separated from Mel for three months. Audrey fell in love with the Yorkshire terriers she worked with in both "Love In The Afternoon" and "Funny Face," so Mel bought her one, a pedigreed pooch with the imposing name of Famous of Assam. Audrey calls it "Famie" for short.

**FLOWERS FOR THE BRIDE**—The Crosby boys had the Holmby Hills house filled with white chrysanthemums to greet Bing and Kathy Grant when they returned from their honeymoon, part of which they spent at Bing's lodge at Hayden Lake—without any servants. Bing went duck hunting, Kathy cooked. Honest! Bing says if Kathy wants to go on acting, that's okay with him. So, she's doing "Gunman's Walk."



**JAYNE** Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay get their New Year started off with a wedding.

**REALTY NOTES**—Hugh O'Brian has a big enough bachelor apartment but is looking for a two-bedroom house, leading chums to believe he may be on the verge of marrying. But Hugh has been saying he "wants to marry" for quite a few years! He still plays the field in the date department, has recently squired Nancy Sinatra, Frankie's ex, to several parties. . . . Venetia Stevenson also has been looking for a house, this also arousing speculation that she might remarry soon. She says no—that she merely wants a place where she can stable her horse, "Battlin' Bim," which she bought from Tab Hunter. Her romances with Tab and Barry Coe have definitely cooled. Barry's new flame is starlet Pat Mitchell. Venetia, betimes, is hard at work; she has her first starring role in "Island Of Lost Women." P.S. She's now mentioned as a "romantic item" with co-star Jeff Richards!

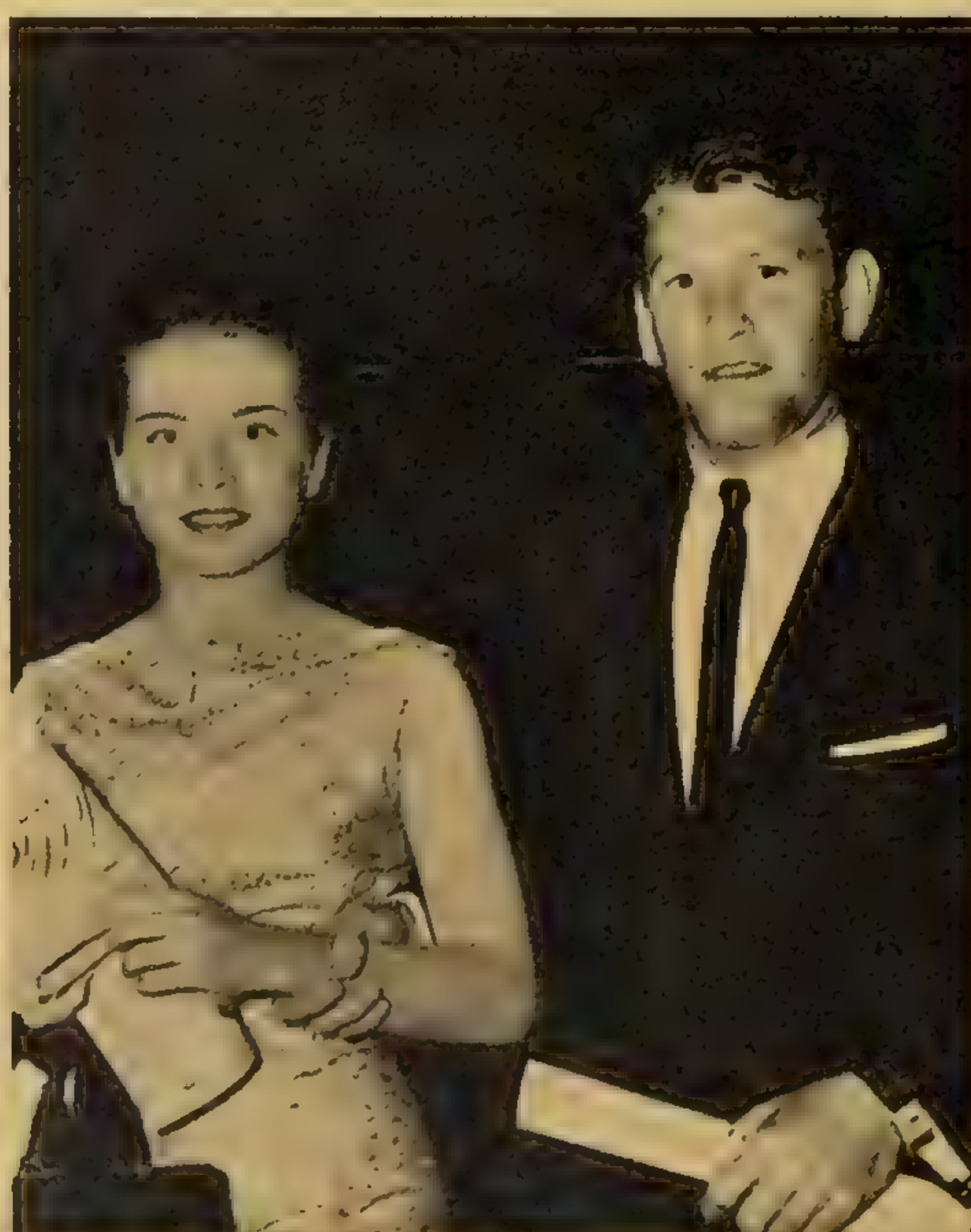
**KIM SERIOUS?**—Never underestimate Kim Novak's interest in Italian Mario Bandini, despite her dates with Jeff Chandler—now being sued for divorce by Marge. Kim and Mario spent the holidays together, then he went to Venezuela on business. If she has time between pictures she'll go down for part of his stay there. At any rate, Kim wants him to come back here while she's making "Bell, Book And Candle," explains, "I want him to see me when I'm working. I'm a different person when I'm in a picture and he's seen me before only when I'm on vacation, relaxed." Sounds serious, doesn't it?

**SURPRISE**—Jim Darren is a sentimental lad who loves "surprises" for his family. The night he was leaving for location on "Gunman's Walk" he called his mother in Philadelphia and asked if she'd like to come out here and stay with his wife and year-old son while he was away. But Jim timed the call so that while he was talking with his mother, his wife Gloria

continued on page 62



**CHARLTON** Heston and his lovely wife, Lydia, take in a gala Hollywood premiere.



**STEADY** daters, pert Dolores Hart and Earl Holliman, also turn out for the big night.



# "My Husband Is A Little Boy!"

continued from page 21

and drives like a maniac. Then all I can do is close my eyes and anxiously say my *Hail Marys*. Once, on our way from Rome to Fregene, I forgot myself when we nearly crashed into a truck. "Rossano," I gasped out, "why do you have to drive so fast? Do you want to get us killed . . .?"

"Leave me alone," he insisted.

I didn't. "I don't want to die! Now if you want to get yourself—"

"Lydia," he cut in. "If you don't trust my driving—would you rather walk?" He slowed down. I'm still not sure whether he meant it, but I didn't want to take any chances. It was a long walk back to Rome!

While both of us have tempers and occasionally shout at one another, we never stay mad for long. That's because when he's really angry, I give in and because I've learned to recognize the symptoms of a coming storm—can go ahead and act accordingly.

Nothing infuriates Rossano more than coming home at night and not finding me there. That I learned shortly after we were married, when he gazed at me angrily the evening I came home from a shopping tour.

"What have I done?" I cried out.

"Nothing!" he exclaimed.

"Then why are you looking at me in such a manner?"

He paced the floor a couple of minutes, then burst out "Well, I think a wife should be home when a husband comes back from work . . ."

Once I realized how much he needed me, I arranged my plans to be there whenever he got home from the studio.

Not that he talks to me as soon as he gets in and asks for advice or tells me everything that's gone on at work. In fact, usually he takes off his clothes, takes a shower, relaxes for 15 or 20 minutes, then lets me tell him about my day. I avoid problems, never discuss anything serious to avoid upsetting him! I just talk about amusing light incidents that happened during the day, to ease his tension and tiredness. And gradually he'll relax and on his own tell me what happened at the studio. And even when he doesn't do so, he still wants me to be around him.

**B**UT when he gets real angry, then I leave him alone. I can tell easily enough because he'll shout "Basta—basta"—which means "enough—enough."

Once, just once we got so mad at one another that he walked out on me for four days! Today, I don't even remember what we quarreled about anymore.

I just know that he came back one morning at six. He thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. I could squint just enough to see the pleasure on his face when he

saw the new ties I had bought as a peace offering and pinned to his pillow.

Suddenly, he noticed I was awake. His expression was that of a little boy caught snitching a cookie out of a jar.

"Well—what do you come back for?" I burst out.

"To shine my shoes. Nothing else. Nothing at all . . ." he grumbled.

Then neither of us could keep a straight face any longer. We talked and laughed and kissed—and made up.

I have a harder time with Rossano when he gets depressed which happens every time he finishes a picture.

Rossano is an artist, a real artist. That's why he is never satisfied with his performances and refuses to see his pictures. He always thinks he could have done



"**MOST** of the time he is happy to let me take over," says Mrs. Brazzi of Rossano.

better. Out of the 87 films he has made, he has seen eight.

While I'm glad that Rossano is so critical of himself, I don't usually agree with his opinions. He is much better than he thinks he is. Besides, I don't like to see him discouraged.

Because my Rossano is such a boy in so many ways, I keep worrying about him more than most wives do about their husbands. When I'm not around, I'm always afraid he doesn't get enough food, rest, or relaxation. That's one reason I have always travelled with him wherever he went, with only two exceptions. He went alone to Africa for "Legend Of The Lost," and to the United States for the opening of "Summertime." That trip I will never forget—

Because Rossano is such a bad correspondent, we keep in touch by telephone. That's what I did the day I called the ship on which he was crossing the

Atlantic. "Wait a moment, Mrs. Brazzi, I can't find your husband . . ." said the operator who took the call.

It's a big ship, I thought, it might take a little while. But when I was switched from room to room, I became anxious. I was hysterical when I suddenly heard the sound of waves. "My Rossano has fallen overboard, hasn't he?" I sobbed when someone lifted the receiver again.

His voice came through at last—clearly, too, not like from the bottom of the ocean. "I've been playing shuffle board, that's why they couldn't find me."

"Well from now on you play shuffle board in your cabin so I can find you," I shouted angrily.

And then we both laughed.

**R**OSSANO'S attitude toward life is most apparent in money matters. Here, too, he acts like a boy . . .

When we were first married, he spent every cent he made. No matter how much he earned—and he earned plenty—always more went out than came in.

When I questioned him about it one day, he said, "Money is not my business. I'm an actor!"

I said, "Fine. Then I'll handle it."

Ever since, I've made sure that a certain percentage of his earnings go into investments, to where we now could live comfortably for the rest of our lives even if Rossano would quit acting tomorrow.

But it wasn't as easy as it sounds.

First of all, his weakness for sport cars and good living takes a lot of money. He says he can get along on little. What he considers little and what everybody else does, is not quite the same.

Secondly, he is generous to a fault. He's also got a conscience. The two traits combined could have ruined him financially. In fact, they did once.

Before the war, he produced a couple of pictures on his own. The backers were supposed to pay the salaries, but didn't. It was not Rossano's responsibility, but he accepted it as such. He couldn't stand people not getting paid, and so he lost \$450,000 of his own money. We gave up our big house, I sold my jewelry, but Rossano was happy because the people had been paid.

He's never changed in that respect and while I get angry at him once in a while for being such a—what you say in this country, sucker?—I love him for it even more. He has a heart of gold.

Because our phone number in Rome is listed, we get dozens of calls every day requesting help. People ask him for money on the street and he'll give it. Once a man approached him twice the same day.

"Why are you such a fool?" I exclaimed. "You already gave him some money this morning . . ."

"Lydia—if he wants it so badly he must have a reason, no?"

"No!" I said. Then I kissed him. How could I help myself? He's such a boy, such a wonderful boy, my Rossano. **END**



# Can Rock Save His Marriage?

*continued from page 37*

met when Anna co-starred with Rock in "Battle Hymn." Hopefully, Rock had characterized their trouble as "something between my wife and myself." He did not utter one word or do a single deed which would justify a suggestion that the marriage had come to an end.

Yet, he appeared to be making no haste to get the foundered marriage on the road again. His procrastination made for furrowed foreheads and vague feelings of apprehension among his friends.

What had come between Rock and Phyllis? Certainly there didn't seem to be the remotest basis for suspecting that there was another woman or another man. Then what? From what source had the wedge come? What secret frustrations were pulling at their marriage?

Was it the fact that their marriage still was childless after two years? Could it be that? Rock's dream of a houseful of children was no secret, nor was it the customary rhetoric of a brand new groom. Rock had given great and serious thought to the matter of children since he had become a married man.

"I'd like a lot of kids," he said thoughtfully. "I was an only child. One of the reasons I want a big family is that I had no brothers or sisters."

As a potential father, he had even considered what he would do about legally changing his name from Roy Fitzgerald to Rock Hudson.

"If there were children on the way," he had said, "it would be smarter to legalize the name. Otherwise the children would have to go through life with another name, and that certainly would be very confusing."

Could the hunger for progeny, then, be rankling in Rock's subconscious? Could this have become a major frustration which he had taken to expressing in moodiness and irritability? Could the same unspoken problems have become, in its way, an equally disturbing factor to Phyllis? These were among the imponderables that had to be considered in evaluating the gravity of the split between Rock and Phyllis.

**W**HAT about other seemingly less spectacular possibilities? What about the normal irritations that plague a marriage? As Rock had been in the habit of saying, "I'm a normal guy in a normal marriage, and we do the normal things that any other couple does." Did this furnish a clue, perhaps?

Was it possible that Phyllis, on the heels of a long illness and long separation from her husband, was anxious to make up for lost time, and had been after Rock to step up his social life? Was it possible that Phyllis, being only normal, kept after Rock to a point that bordered on nagging, and that Rock, being only normal, balked at being nagged? How

epic did a reason for marital strife have to be?

Had Phyllis perhaps become too determined in her efforts to get Rock to do little chores around the house and put his clothes away neatly? Had she allowed herself to arrange too ambitious a social calendar for Rock's lugubrious tastes? Had Rock suddenly had his fill of getting home from the studio at night and being met at the door by Phyllis with the greeting, "We're going out tonight"?

Time was when Rock found that rather endearing, but times change, and so, conceivably, do men, particularly if they have been under the backbreaking pressure of work to which Rock has been subjected. Hollywood has been using him up like a limited supply of uranium, shoving him from one major



**TENSE** and strained over his emotional problems, Rock Hudson ponders his future.

picture into another. His friends and those close to him at the studio are convinced that the real villain of his marital stalemate is this workload. They feel that it is taking its inexorable emotional toll. They suspect that a tired and exhausted Rock is subject to provocation that ordinarily would bounce off his back.

Rock was in the habit of boasting to friends that he never felt henpecked with Phyllis, and of serving notice that if she ever did nag him he wouldn't tolerate it. Could it be that in his present state of emotional fatigue, he felt nagged and pressured by things that ordinarily did not bother him? This theory is not easily dismissed—not if Rock's own thinking is to be taken into consideration. Perhaps the key to Rock's marital troubles lies in his own single exception to normalcy.

"Anything that's said about any married couple," he used to shrug, "can be said about us and hit the nail on the head. Except that I'm an actor."

Except that he's an actor! Is that

where the rub is, then? Certainly his friends seem to think so, and if their thoughts run stubbornly in that direction, Rock himself can take the blame—or the credit—for it.

"I'm very moody," he is on record as admitting, "and I'm difficult to get along with when I'm moody. I don't say anything. After she finds out I'm moody, she just lets me alone, and it works out fine. There are little things between a husband and wife nobody else would understand or cope with. . . . Acting is a high-strung business, and there's always a danger of emotional hangovers at home. Marriage requires all sorts of concessions, compromise, give and take."

Could it be that for once the required concessions were not forthcoming?

**I**NTERESTINGLY enough, one of Rock's happy discoveries early in his marriage was that it did not involve any big change in personality or way of life.

"The unique things about us," he pointed out, "is that there's been no great big switch or change in personality. Everything is the same color as before we got married. The mere fact that we're joined together in the same house hasn't changed a darn thing. Where before we were going along parallel streets, now we are on one street. It's the same thing. When you go together as long a time as we did, you get to know each other awfully well, and there aren't any great changes. . . . I think that's one of the great causes for divorce. You think you're married to one party and find you've married another. That would be a great shock and disappointment to anyone."

Again and again, taciturn as he was, Rock had expressed satisfaction with his marriage, and had reflected upon his good fortune in having waited until he was ready for that demanding institution.

"I got married when I was ready," he said emphatically. "I felt more ready than ever before. I just didn't want to be married before. Marriage is great fun. I love doing things together with Phyllis, or doing something and being able to talk about it. Marriage has turned out to be all I hoped for and more. I'm just a whole lot happier. I have a nice permanent feeling."

Has anything happened seriously to jeopardize that permanent feeling?

"We listen to one another's ideas," Rock pointed out not long ago. "We don't tell each other off. If you've ever been out with a married couple, you must have seen how one would make a crack to the other, and pretty soon they'll bicker. It doesn't die. The next time they're out, they start bickering again. It may seem to die out, but it doesn't. The next time they're bickering even worse, and finally that's it. Boy, I've seen it so many times. If Phyllis or I feel like saying something, we save it till we get home and then go ahead."

*continued on page 67*



# Meet "The Goddess"

continued from page 33

Theatre's presentation of "St. Joan." Again, she didn't get paid, but this time producer Kermit Bloomgarden was so impressed, he engaged her immediately to replace Julie Harris in his Broadway production of Lillian Hellman's "Monstrat." More plays followed, none of them lasting too long, and then television—her favorite medium for acting.

Not as time-consuming as movies, Kim feels that the much maligned television field is replacing summer stock in giving young and new talent the experience it needs. When Kim spoke, she used her hands freely to gesture. The movements were graceful and usually directed toward herself with the tips of her fingers resting lightly on her breastbone. "You feel freer in television, and oddly enough—I know this sounds crazy—I feel as though no one is watching me and it becomes a little more natural for me to act."

When she gets involved in discussion, she has the tendency to lean forward from the waist toward the person to whom she's speaking as though trying to establish a closer form of contact beside words. This was especially noticeable when she talked about Lee Strasberg, the mild, gentle-looking man who has helped develop some of the finest acting talent in recent years. Kim was almost transported back to the remodeled church that houses the Actors Studio on West 44th Street—classes Tuesdays and Thursdays.

"There's really no such thing as The Method," Kim confided. "Lee Strasberg is a man gifted to see the capabilities a person really has. He releases a freedom of the spirit. It's something like psychoanalysis. You have to know yourself before you can improve. Lee has that rare ability to convince you that you're capable of more than what you've been doing. If only you could attend classes for six months, you'd see what marvelous things he can do."

She suddenly laughed at some thought that occurred to her. Like everything else about her it was nice—a deep, natural laugh. "You know, I've been reading stacks of movie magazines dating way back to get an idea of what a movie actress is like for the role in 'The Goddess.' It's amazing how even the magazines have changed. Before it used to be glamour, exotic, and escape. Now, it's so-and-so is a marvelous mother, she cooks, markets and all but takes in laundry to bolster the family budget.

"I really hate to see this sort of thing—there's no illusion any more. Glamour and exhibitionism aren't nasty words. All actors are exhibitionists. I don't mean showing off with the 'ain't I cute' sort of thing. To show off one's self and to try to keep yourself above average is a good thing. That's why you choose acting instead of being a librarian or engineer."

Though she sounds like she has a lot of

thoughts worked out in her mind, like everyone else Kim has a few frustrations rattling around. With her, one of them is a secret—not any more—yet to be a comedienne despite all the emotionally painful roles she's appeared in.

"I'm grateful for all those roles, and I wouldn't turn any others down if they were right for me. But I really would love to do high, witty comedy. If this European trip hadn't come up, I'd do Noel Coward's 'Private Lives' this summer on the road. He and Snitzler (he wrote 'La Ronde') deal marvelously with sex. They have a light touch that keeps sex from being a long drawn out dirty joke—and I hate dirty jokes. Most of the important comedies that are turned out seem to be just that."

A perfectionist, Kim would probably worry just as much over doing comedy as she would any dramatic performance. She may win the Academy Award next year for her performance in "The Goddess," yet, when the picture was finally finished, and she saw the rough cuts she was—to put it in a tranquilized form—unhappy. Someone who had worked with her remarked that if Kim had been allowed to pass on her own scenes, the picture would be two years in the making.

**I** COULDN'T help it. The whole thing was terrifying. I fell out of character, I didn't have time to sit around and let it come back to me. And this business of shooting scenes without continuity or a sense of completeness is almost impossible for me to do. I have always got to work through the story with the character and build up to the climax—there's an emotional fulfillment in it for me."

This need for a sense of completeness motivates a lot of Kim's thinking. The lack of it is obvious to her in many things. Divorced, Kim senses the difficulties of bringing up her 4-year-old son, Jamison, in an all-female household. She is concerned about his feeling apart. "You know what he said to me after I brought Laurie home from the hospital? 'Why didn't you get a boy for me?' Kim laughed softly. "Aside from that, I really think the children are pretty well adjusted. You're supposed to be able to tell by the way they get along outside their homes. Mine seem to do all right. They get along well with each other—except Jamie, right now, is still disappointed in Laurie being a girl."

If this determination to have her brood lead normal, balanced lives had anything to do with an unhappy childhood of her own, Kim didn't say, except that her family moved around Texas a lot—but that could hardly be taken as a reason for all her resolve to act. "I suppose I wanted to rebel. It was the arrogance of youth showing itself. Actually, you know, I wish someone would finally grasp what



**CENTER** of attention as a big film star is Kim Stanley in a scene for "The Goddess."

really makes an actor or actress. I don't mean what Paddy Chayevsky has done with 'The Goddess'—that's something special. I mean just take the average actor or actress . . . you know what I mean?" (Often in her conversation, Kim, who is exceptionally lucid and intelligent, will stop and wonder if you understand what she's trying to say. The answer is usually yes.) "Most actors you'll find have much the same attitudes toward life. They might have been formed in different molds, but all of them are very much alike in what they're made of. Something happened that made acting a necessity for them. It's the need for mass love. Most of them come from broken homes, unhappy childhoods—maybe it was their extra sensitivity that made them unhappy—or family life that missed somewhere. They all want to be able to say: 'Here I am. Look at me!'"

Colorful and not afraid to say what's on her mind, it figures that many things Kim says fast become tasty slices of a theatrical mind. Like the time Kim was in the stage version of "Bus Stop" and insisted her star billing be reduced to that of a featured player, even though she had won the N.Y. Drama Critics Award for her acting.

"I did it because I actually wasn't the star," she explained to her goggle-eyed audience. "There were five equal parts and I was one of them. Don't get me wrong, I'm no shrinking violet, but in this case, it might have been misleading to the public."

Then, there was the time she admitted she hadn't seen Marilyn Monroe do the film version of the same role for the movie. "I didn't avoid the film either because I thought she would ruin the part, or because I was afraid she might have done it better," Kim said, then added a typical Stanley postscript:

"But frankly, it's possible she could do it better than I could—especially on

continued on page 62



## MEET "THE GODDESS"

continued

close-ups." *This*, we thought is an *actress* talking? Furthermore, she should talk about close-ups! In "The Goddess" she plays a 16-year-old. "Marilyn has that wonderful child-like quality that is explosively sexy. Beside she's a fine actress. Hollywood couldn't have made a better choice for the part."

**T**OALLY unlike Marilyn, Kim was once turned down for a part she had wanted very much, the one Donna Reed won an Academy Award for in "From Here To Eternity," because she wasn't sexy enough. But excluding the obvious, Marilyn and Kim do have something in common besides the Actors Studio. Both paint, or rather MM draws and Kim paints with oils, then realizes she's not good enough and reverts to charcoal sketches and watercolors.

"I think if I weren't an actress, I'd like to be an artist," she patiently considered the far-fetched possibility. "I've no commercial talent but I love it. No, I've never studied it. But that's another thing Lee Strasberg makes you become aware of—music and art.

Although the days of working in drafty, dusty off-Broadway theatres for free are over, Kim doesn't give the impression she's now making up for lost time in an orgy of high-living. True, the apartment on Riverside Drive is comfortable enough, her children are well taken care of. There can be extras like ski trips, a month or so off on Fire Island to recuperate from her movie debut, and there will be an extra two months in Europe. What is it then? Fame? According to her the applause is nice on the ears, but it's not that either. Acting is important to her, but stardom isn't her goal. There's a vast difference, she

pointed out, between a star and an actress of stature.

"I know I'll never become a truly great actress, say like Bernhardt. All your life, concentration and devotion must be directed toward that one thing. It must be your entire life, and I can't do that."

Well, perhaps when the children are a little older. . . .

"No, I don't mean the children," Kim seemed hesitant about clearing up this statement. "I really don't want to stay in the theatre all my life. I can't be a success until I know myself fully and I haven't done that yet, because acting alone doesn't hold the answer. To be a successful and good actress, you must love it more than anything else, and there are human relationships that seem a great deal more important. I don't think I can completely fulfill one if I still hold on to the other."

Lisa, uncommonly good for a little girl whose entire afternoon had been loused up by grown-ups, started making fretful sounds and putting on a red hat that tied under the chin. As most parents know, this was the brink. Kim handed Lisa her coat and started scrambling into her own. Lisa was delighted. She flashed a smile. Three front teeth were missing.

"What happened?" we asked.

Lisa's mouth clamped shut and a distressed look flitted across her face. Kim came to the rescue with a smile. "Lisa doesn't like to talk about it. It's something she'd rather forget." For the first time that afternoon, a question had gone unanswered.

Then off they went hand-in-hand searching for the man who made unicorns out of glass. It had begun to drizzle outside, still several people stopped to stare at the attractive blonde—the star who didn't want to be a star and a great actress who doesn't think she can be one. Fortunately, everyone else knows better. **END**

*press. Her wedding gown will be the bride's dress she wore in her first movie, "A Girl Can't Help It," and her flower girl will be daughter Jayne Marie. Jayne brought back a wedding present for herself from England—a complete dinner service of fine bone china.*

**ORANGE BLOSSOMS**—Hollywood chums were caught with their guesses down by the surprise marriage in Chicago of Peggy Connelly and Dick Martin of the comedy team of Rowan and Martin. . . . Is Suzy Parker secretly married to Pierre La Salle of Paris?

**DATA ON DATES**—John Saxon still dates Ingrid Goude and Vicki Thal but has also discovered Linda Cristal, the Argentine beauty now under contract at U-I who might very well be Our Town's next big Glamour Girl. . . . Joanna Moore, whose career is also very definitely on the upgrade, has been dating Jack Webb and says she's "fascinated" by him. . . . Montgomery Clift, who's just about the undating-est male in Hollywood, surprised his pals by squiring May Britt to a couple of fancy parties.

**NATURAL**—Dana Wynter's lawyer husband, Greg Bautzer, is happy she's finished "Fraulein," for which she had to bleach her hair. "With a studio full of blondes, why did they have to choose my brunette wife and change her?" he asks. Cheer up, Greg. It is the best role she has had to date!

**ELIGIBLE**—One of the most eligible young bachelors around town is David Nelson, son of Ozzie and Harriet, who was given co-star billing as the result of preview reaction to his very first film, "Peyton Place." Then he turned 21, which means he comes into a trust fund built up through many years of work in radio and TV with his dad and mother. Rumor has it this should add up to about a quarter of a million dollars! There are plenty of young starlets around town who would be happy to throw their matrimonial hooks into this lad!

**SOCIAL NOTES**—Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith bought 20 acres of range land at Mid Pines, will raise cattle, build a house there and also cottages to rent. Making her "The Notorious Landlady"? . . . Lauren Bacall has moved into her smaller house but it has a fabulous music room with all sorts of fancy hi-fi equipment—the better to hear Frankie Boy's records? . . . When Julie London went to England to make a film she took her two children and their nurse and rented a big flat in London. Bobby Troup is also over there. Will they marry before they return? . . . Mamie Van Doren says she and husband Ray Anthony "don't battle more than the average couple." So, what's average, Mamie??? Anyway, Ray flew to Miami—where Mamie had a singing engagement—to refute rift rumors. **END**

## Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 58

and Jimmy Junior walked into her house on a surprise visit!

**WITH EARL AWAY**—Dolores Hart used her spare time to good advantage while beau Earl Holliman was away on a vacation-hunting trip in the High Sierras. She's a talented artist and got very busy at her easel and finished several oil paintings she had started some time ago.

**HOUSE PROBLEMS**—Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher moved into their new home before their remodeling was finished. Big problem was that the kitchen equipment had been completely ripped out! Debbie was more concerned about finishing the nursery for the new baby. . . . Efrem Zimbalist Jr. bought the for-

mer Fisher house, moved his family in with practically no furniture. "I spent so much for the house the furniture will have to wait," he says. But they do have a fully equipped kitchen! . . . As soon as Liz Taylor can manage, following her appendectomy, she'll start hunting for a house to buy in Palm Springs. She and Mike Todd rented one there for their vacation, but now want to join the Hollywood crowd who own property in "The Springs."

**WEDDING BELLS**—Jayne Mansfield would like to be married to Mickey Hargitay in the beautiful glass Church of the Wayfarer overlooking the Pacific at Palos Verdes, but it's probably too small for their "most intimate friends"—plus the





# Tops in Fun!

You'll enjoy the delightful escapades  
of Emmy Lou and her high school chums  
in "More Bobby Sox." Don't miss  
this delightful collection of  
cartoons based on the famous  
newspaper comic strip.

Buy the *Popular Library*  
edition of "More Bobby Sox" today.

Only 25c at all  
newsstands.





# No More To Wander

continued from page 55

grasping at straws. But no, it was to take in.

"I love dates and nuts and plums and raisins," adds Clint. "These are high-powered foods . . . I don't eat much when I'm out with people because most people don't like health foods. That's why I always take unsweetened raisins and sunflower seeds wherever I go. I always put a few bags of them in my valise . . ."

It would make a great hit at one of those dull Hollywood parties, but wouldn't you guess, Clint doesn't go much for that sort of night-life. "You can't please everybody," he says. "So why should I try to fake an interest in the night club circuit? We go to some of the Hollywood parties because we realize it is part of the movie game. I can't say I like 'em, but my wife and I do like to get into our best duds and go out among 'em—as they say in these parts."

**T**O recover from one of these ordeals, in fact, simply to face every day as it *should* be faced, Clint, Verna and Valerie work out with barbells in the morning. The bells are in the garage, and the ladies use the small ones. When Valerie tires of the bells she is at liberty to climb into the treehouse her father built. She won't find Tarzan, Jr., up there, but she'll have a nice view of the San Fernando Valley and the three-quarters of an acre Daddy owns.

The Walkers live in an unpretentious, roomy house, furnished with an eye for size—Clint's size. Not only is he big, but he can tear a telephone directory in half with one rip. Naturally, there's an over-size bed in his bedroom, and the living room is filled with a four-section

divan which, put all together, is large enough for the three Walkers to sprawl on comfortably.

Clint, who's had about 39 temporary homes in his nine years of marriage, has plans for a permanent dream house.

"I got me a raise not long ago," he told a writer, in September. "And now I'm going to look for just the right sort of cliff—a sandstone outcropping which will jut just far enough up out of the desert to give me room for my house at the tip.

"There are loads of old miners all around that country who can dig the rooms right into the cliff, like mine chambers. The living room, and maybe a couple of the other rooms, will have great big picture windows, the glass set right into the sandstone walls, so that we can have a terrific view across the desert to the mountains beyond.

"Then I want to have a sort of spiral staircase, up a vertical tunnel, from the house to the top of the cliff above, so that we can use it for a sundeck . . . Furniture? A lot of it can be dug right in. While they're digging out a wall they just leave a sort of ledge the right height for a settee. Then I'll face it with some fancy smooth stone and put great big cushions on top of it, and I got me a mighty fine davenport . . ."

Fortunately, he's got himself a wife who not only goes along with anything Clint wants, but has doubled as a tower of strength when he needed it.

"Verna has always stuck by me," Clint says with great and understandable pride. "In Alton, Illinois, when I couldn't sell enough vacuum cleaners door to door to pay the grocery bill . . . in

Brownswood, Texas, when all we could afford was a broken down shack six miles from town that was lighted by kerosene lamps and had a shower made out of a bucket punched full of holes . . . in Long Beach, California, when I worked as a night club bouncer and she had to live in a trailer in the woods, and the times in Hollywood when she went to work as a waitress to pay for my dramatic lessons . . ."

Verna is five-feet-three with green eyes, dark hair and the courage of an early pioneer. No uncalled for advice and no complaints have ever come from that pretty upper lip. There was even a time when she pawned her wedding ring for groceries, and laughed about it. Even now she keeps her head. She refuses to drive anything fancier than a 1950 Chevrolet, and feels that the 1948 Cadillac Clint bought (there are some things celebrities *have* to do) is about as ostentatious as she wants to get.

Clint met this-jewel of a wife in his hometown—Alton, Illinois, but he had a hard time winning her.

He had quit school at 16 to see the world. He became a seaman in the Merchant Marine and saw Canada, the Aleutian Islands, Alaska and North Africa before coming home on leave. When he came home he wandered down Main Street to the local ice cream parlor, and there was this wisp of a girl who'd never left home in her life. He noticed her immediately, but she was popular. It took three or four months before he got up enough nerve to ask for a date. They had the date, discovered they were very nearly speechless in each other's company, and Clint decided to forget her. The trouble was—he couldn't.

So he took a long sea voyage and wrote her letters every day. She answered him once in a while. That's what drove him mad. "It was her 'I can do without you attitude'," he says, "that was so infuriating and so intriguing."

When Clint got home he pulled a trick as old as the hills. He dated Verna's sister who was a stunning looking model on leave from New York. So Verna said, all right, we're engaged.

**I**NSTEAD of marrying the girl right then, Clint signed on a tanker that was heading for the South Pacific. Verna's reaction was cool. She went to California with her sister and informed Clint that she'd be dating other men. Go ahead, he said, furiously. A year passed.

In the spring of 1948, the scene shifted to Alton again. Verna and Clint were both back home. One day he put it to her. Either they got married or they never laid eyes on each other again.

"Let's get married, Norman" (that's his real name), Verna said.

They were married on September 7, 1948. Clint's worldly goods consisted of an old Model A Ford and \$150. After the ceremony, he handed an envelope to the preacher. When it was too late to



**LUCKY** Clint has a wife who has one aim in life and that is to please her hunk of man.



grab it back, Clint discovered he'd handed over his bankroll.

Then the wandering began. But these days, all roads eventually lead to Las Vegas. That's where Clint got a job as deputy sheriff and met Van Johnson who introduced him to agent Henry Willson who urged him to come to Hollywood and try his luck.

Success hasn't made Clint any happier than he's ever been. He's always been happy with Verna. He's a serious man who sees life in its proper perspective and isn't fooled by the surface of things.

"I'm inspired by the belief that there is a purpose in life," he says. "That we are here to become wiser than we are, and that our duty is to build our knowledge of life. . . . The greatest thing a man possesses is his wisdom. When you have wisdom, you have everything. My purpose in life is to grow. . . ."

**H**E IS pleased that "Cheyenne" has been called an instrument for good among kids and he'd like to branch out into other types of roles that would "bring home *by example* that the only life which ever pays off is the good life. That the qualities to which we pay so much lip service—honesty, faith, love thy neighbor—are more than just words, and that living them is the only true way to happiness."

He admits that, as a father, he gives orders, "but I try to make Valerie understand why I'm telling her to do this or not to do that. I've found that with kids, even more than with adults, if you can make them understand what you're trying to accomplish—if you include them in your thinking—you won't ever have any trouble in getting cooperation from them."

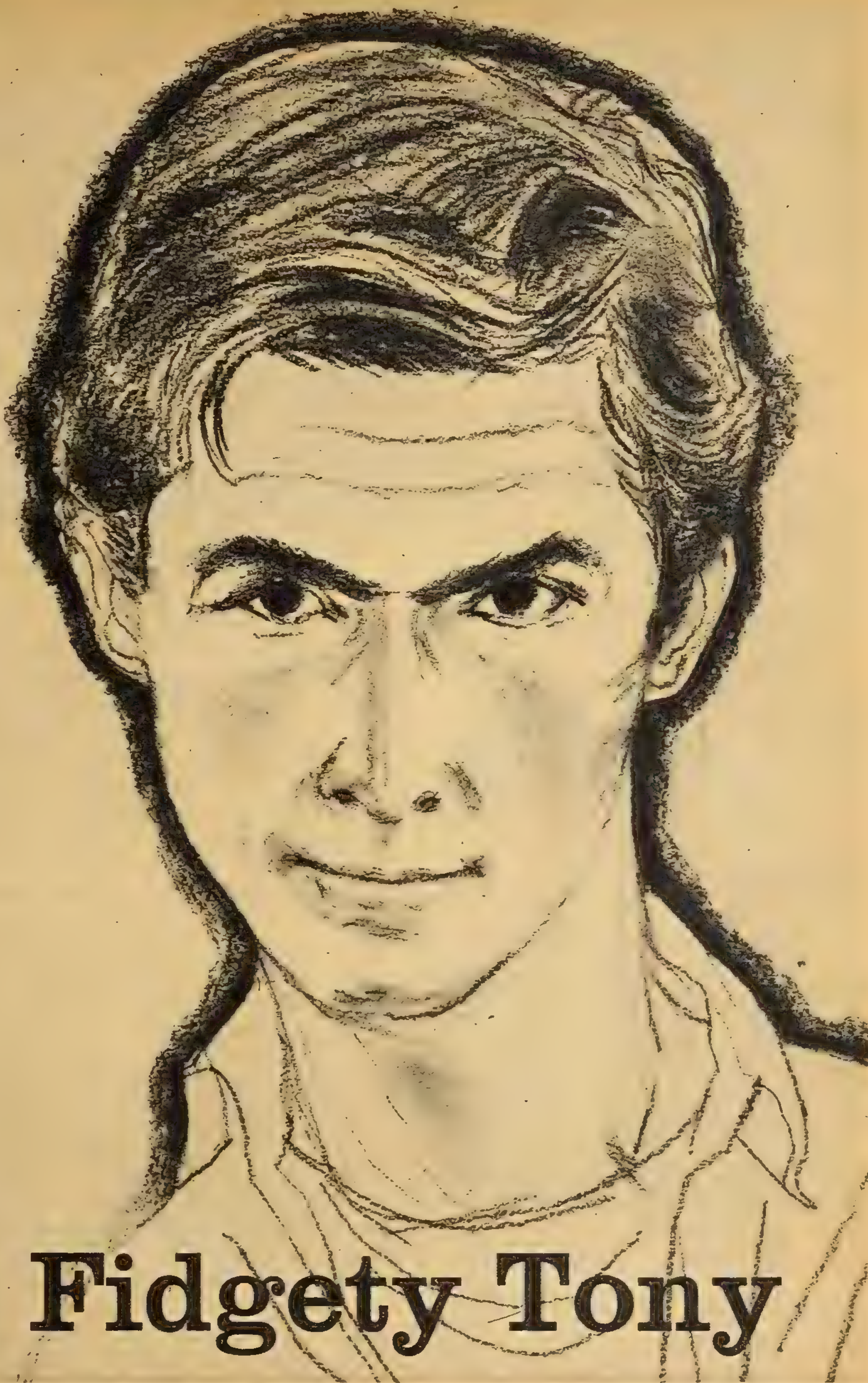
He gets love and cooperation from Valerie, but he does not get a high degree of recognition. One day he saw her playing with a lasso in the yard and he went up to her and asked if she was being a cowboy like Daddy. "Oh, no," she said. "I'm a *real* honest to goodness cowboy. I'm Wyatt Earp."

Aside from this minor disappointment, Clint is content. He may never go back to Alton, Illinois.

"Why, I'm *afraid* to go home," he says. "You know what those publicity people have said about me? They've put out stuff about me being a football star and an amateur wrestling champion. The folks at home know that isn't true. I never had the time."

"When I was nine years old I was setting up bottles as targets in a carnival. When I was 14 I was big enough to get jobs on the boats that steamed up and down the Mississippi. Football star! How'm I going to hold up my head among them?"

Chances are the folks back home won't hand that head to him on a platter; they're more likely to hang it, or a reasonable facsimile, in their own home town hall of fame. **END**



"I feel sorry for any girl that marries me," says Tony Perkins. "For one thing, she'd have to get used to my moving around a lot. I just can't sit still. I've got to be doing something. I'm loaded with nervous energy and that's the trouble."

Don't miss reading "What His Wife Will Have To Expect Of Tony" in the current issue of SILVER SCREEN Magazine. It's an intimate, revealing study of Tony Perkins, Hollywood's fastest-rising young star. Typical of the exciting articles in *every* issue of SILVER SCREEN.

**Buy the current issue of  
SILVER SCREEN Magazine,  
now at all newsstands.**





## Lovely NAILS in a FLASH... with



### NU-NAILS

#### ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS

Cover short, broken, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy with our amazing new quick-drying glue. Can be worn any length... polished any shade. Help overcome nail-biting habit. Set of ten 29c. At dime, drug & dept. stores.

ONLY  
**29¢**  
SET OF TEN

NU-NAILS CO., Dept. 30-C,  
5251 W. Harrison, Chicago 44  
Also Hollywood Fingernails...  
Permanent Dubonett Rose Color.  
No polish required... 39c set.

## DANCING SHOES—COSTUMES

Toe \$5.95, Pads & Ribbons \$1.00; Ballet \$3.29, Tap Shoes With Toe Taps, To Size 3, \$4.95, Larger \$5.45; Acrobatic \$1.39, Crepe Sole \$1.95, Send Shoe Size and Foot Outline. Leotards \$3.85, Mesh Opera Hose \$4.00. Sheer or Mesh Tights \$5.00. Send Check or Money Order, add 35c postage. No C.O.D.'s Please.



### BATON—DRUM CORPS SUPPLIES NEW! MAJORETTE BOOTSPATS

White leatherette—can be worn with shoes or sneakers. Look just like majorette boots at less than half the price. Only \$2.98 pair, postpaid.

### SKATING SKIRTS—Roller or Ice

Complete Catalog 25¢ (can be applied to a Purchase)

QUINCON DANCE SUPPLIES, Dept. S  
7 FOSTER STREET QUINCY 69, MASS.

## \$500 FOR YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO

Big Demand for children's photos, ages 1 mo. to 18 yrs. Cash payments made if used for advertising. Hundreds selected every month. Send 1 small photo for approval. Print child's & mother's name, address on back. Returned 2 weeks. No Obligation.



HOLLYWOOD AD-PHOTOS

6087-QP Sunset, Hollywood 28, California

## MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING ENVELOPES

OUR INSTRUCTIONS REVEAL HOW

GLENN GLENWAY BOX 6568  
CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

## Ugly Blackheads—Out in Seconds

\$1.00

Keep your complexion free of blackheads—look attractive instantly. Scientifically designed vacuum pump gently "lifts" out ugly blackheads safely, without pinching or squeezing. Try VACUTEX 10 days—if not delighted return for refund. Send \$1. We pay postage.



BALICO PRODUCTS CO. Dept. 81  
1011 Kane Concourse, Surfside 41, Florida

## Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

### Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne\*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.\* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## let's look at ● the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY, CBS-TV star

A SIMPLE setting is the keynote of Sarah Vaughan's new EmArcy album, "Swingin' Easy." Backed by a trio, Sarah dons her best in-close voice and gets across the impression that the songs are strictly between you and her and the recording engineer. It's the way a supper club chanteuse should sing but never does. . . . If you dig Dixie, we suggest an immediate sampling of Bob Scobey's Frisco Band, of which there is none more Dixie-er. Their Good Time Jazz album, "Direct From San Francisco," is a foot-stomping example of pure, almost pristine, two-beat. The followers of Dixieland, a hardy and devoted lot, can rejoice in such champions as the Scobey crew. . . . Two of the biggest bargains on LP's concern themselves with swingin' and singin'. On the Camden economy label, we have in this corner The Count, Count Basie, of course, with a small group, orchestra and vocalists, in a batch of early jump tunes—a dozen collectors' items for less than a deuce. In the opposite corner, is the Camden album "Dream Along With Me," presided over by the genial music master, Perry Como. Perry's not only offered at bargain prices but is served up with some of his most famous songs. Such classics as "Me And My Shadow," "More Than You Know" and "My Melancholy Baby" are the frosting on an elegantly inexpensive Como cake.

Known in show business as a singer's singer, Kaye Starr is the kind of songbird that other singers will catch on their nights off. Miss Starr's stock-in-trade is a strong, straightforward, try-and-stop-me approach to a set of lyrics. There is nothing cute or gimmicky in the way Kay delivers and that is evidently the secret of her staying power. Her latest Victor LP, "Blue Starr," rates four stars and infinite playings. . . . Debbie Reynolds Fisher has no more recording worlds to conquer as she al-

ready has her million-disk seller, "Tammy," behind her. But the new Reynolds M-G-M coupling of "Wall Flower" and "All Grown Up" should cement her position as a first-rate singing star and not a one-time fluke. Both sides deal with the problems, real and imaginary, that beset the teenager, and Debbie delivers as if she knows what it's all about. Too bad no Mr. & Mrs. platters are in the offing. Eddie and Debbie together would seem to be "Big Sell." . . . Joe Saye is a blind pianist, born in Scotland, late of the British Isles, who is currently enhancing the American jazz scene with his unique gifts. His new EmArcy Album, "A Wee Bit Of Jazz," contains a large chunk of Saye originals based on old Scottish airs, but the effects achieved never issued forth from a bagpipe. Lending strong support on the sides are Herbie Mann, flutist par excellence, and a rhythm section that is money in the bank.

The happy association of Nat "King" Cole and Capitol Records has once more borne delicious fruit. Nat's new album, "Just One Of Those Things," is just one of those smash hits that the King keeps turning out with gratifying regularity. Nat has Billy May and his orchestra to help things along, which makes everything practically perfect. . . . The Four Freshmen, one of the country's better vocal groups, have a new Capitol recording that's Latin and loaded. The oldie, "Granada," is given a fresh paint job and never sounded so good. The flip, "How Can I Begin To Tell," has a sultry South American beat and some real cool harmonics. . . . Tony Perkins has taken enough time off from his skyrocketing career to record an album for Epic, the title of which is simply his name. This definitely establishes Tony as a triple-threat man—screen star, stage star and singer. Wonder if he can dance? **END**



## Can Rock Save His Marriage?

continued from page 60

Certainly in that respect, Rock and Phyllis have not changed. They still refuse to air their dirty linen in public, and on this continuing respect for the sanctity of their marriage, their friends pin their enduring hopes for a warm and lasting reconciliation.

Friends of Rock and Phyllis Hudson refuse to believe the marriage is over. They are convinced that nothing ails it that cannot be cured by a long layoff from work. They point out that not once since they were married has Rock had any appreciable time off from the grinding rigors of stardom. Rock was busy making "Giant" when he and Phyllis married, and before they had even shaken the rice out of their hair, he was back at Universal-International hard at work on "Written On The Wind."

During the making of that picture, Rock was exhausted, and someone asked, "Too much marriage or too much movies? You look beat."

There was no question in Rock's mind about what was wrong.

"Too much movies," he laughed.

Unless things have transpired between Rock and Phyllis Hudson that those closest to them do not even remotely suspect, the same hopeful diagnosis seems to hold—too much movies, not too much marriage!

END

## Are They Right For Each Other?

continued from page 17

Now she says, "I know what Bob has always known, that you *can't* take success for granted. You have to earn it and work for it, maybe even do some suffering for it."

That knowledge, so long familiar to Bob, so recently acquired by Natalie, has created a strong, strong bond between the two of them.

"It will be good," says Natalie (and the "will be" seems significant), "that we have the same sort of careers and work. We understand each other's problems. I have dated men who were not connected with show business and when we went places together, no matter how important the man might be in his own field, it was embarrassing for him and for me when I had to pay attention to fans and people. He felt left out. Of course that doesn't happen with Bob. The fans know him as well as they know me! And an actress, married to an actor, would never be surprised or annoyed if he was late to dinner because he had

continued on page 68

BRAND  
NEW  
1958

**Underwood**

PORTABLE  
TYPEWRITER

NOW  
WITH **FREE**  
**ELECTRIC LIGHT!**



WITH  
**BEAUTIFUL  
CARRYING CASE**

**SENSATIONAL** ... is the word for it! Just a single \$1.00 down ... and only \$1.50 per week ... **WHILE YOU ARE USING IT** ... brings you within a few days ... one of the world's finest portable typewriters ... the **UNDERWOOD ACE!** And mind you ... only 24 months to pay balance (NOT 36 or 39)!

**THE WHOLE FAMILY** will love the **UNDERWOOD ACE!** The youngsters' school marks will zoom up and up ... Dad will clean up that extra office work at home with pleasure ... and Mom ... she'll find it so much easier typing, instead of writing! Besides ... there must be someone interested in **EARNING EXTRA MONEY** typing at home ... in **SPARE TIME!** We'll show you how it may be done!

**PRECISION CONSTRUCTED** ... this marvelous **UNDERWOOD ACE** will give years and years of happy satisfaction! Compare its outstanding features with standard office machines costing two and three times **MORE!** Has full size 84 CHARACTER KEYBOARD—SEE SET MARGIN—KEY SET TABULATION—TOUCH TUNING—FINGER FORM KEYS—MARGIN RELEASE KEY—CARRIAGE CENTRALIZING LOCK—VARIABLE LINE SPACER—PUSH BUTTON TOP COVER—**BEAUTIFUL CARRYING CASE** with **SAFETY LOCK!**

**RUSH YOUR ORDER IN NOW!** Just as soon as we get your name and address, with your single \$1.00, we will arrange for immediate delivery of your **UNDERWOOD ACE** ... your **ELECTRIC LIGHT** ... your **Swiss Movement WATCH** ... your manual "**HOW TO EARN MONEY AT HOME**" In Spare Time ... your booklet "**LEARN TO TYPE FAST!**" Remember ... we ship anywhere in U.S.A. and we pay all shipping charges! **NO SALESMAN WILL CALL ON YOU!** Your order now ... **DOES IT ALL!**

**SCOT TYPEWRITER CO. Dept. 340A**

1 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed is \$1.00. Arrange for prompt delivery of my typewriter ... and my **WATCH!** I want **WOMAN'S** ☐ **MAN'S** ☐ **WATCH.** (Please check which one.) Also send me **FREE** booklets as you offer, Free Electric Light, and Beautiful carrying case!

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
CITY ..... STATE .....



**DELIVERS TO YOU  
ANYWHERE IN U.S.A.**

**FREE** Manual:  
"**HOW TO EARN  
EASY EXTRA MONEY**"  
Typing Right in  
Your Home

Find out how **EXTRA MONEY** in **SPARE TIME** may be earned with a typewriter, even though one has never typed before! The more spare time available ... the more may be earned! All this information **FREE** with your typewriter!

**FREE** Overhead  
**ELECTRIC LIGHT!**  
Makes typing easier and a greater pleasure. Swings into any position!

**FREE** Booklet  
**LEARN TO TYPE FAST!**  
Self teaches touch typing quickly. Learn to type 20 words per minute within a week!

**EXTRA FREE BONUS**

With Your  
Typewriter!  
For Ordering  
**NOW!**

Your choice of either a man's or woman's watch ... **ABSOLUTELY FREE!** Has Anti-magnetic, fine Swiss movement ... with lovely **EXPANSION BAND!** We guarantee you will be pleased! Delivered immediately with your typewriter! Send your order in **NOW!** © 1957



Enchanting  
Print  
Cotton  
Frock

**\$3.98**



Mail coupon now for **FREE** copy of this nationally famous catalog, and new issues for full year.

**FREE** *Style Catalogs*  
**FOR FULL YEAR**

Everything smart, everything new in fashions not only for you but for every member of the family and all at money-saving prices you can't afford to miss. The charming dress to the left is typical of the lovely styles and low, low prices you'll find in abundance in all of Florida Fashions sensational style books. Dress better for less—send for our big new catalog today—get every new issue for the next full year, too. Satisfaction guaranteed on every order or your money back.

Florida Fashions, Dept. 58M40, 4501 E. Colonial Drive, Orlando, Fla.

Please rush my **FREE** copy of latest Style Catalog. I understand I also will receive, **FREE**, every new issue for next full year.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

POST OFFICE ..... STATE .....

**Florida Fashions**  
Dept. 58M40  
Orlando, Florida



## Remington Rand

\$1.00  
DOWN  
and

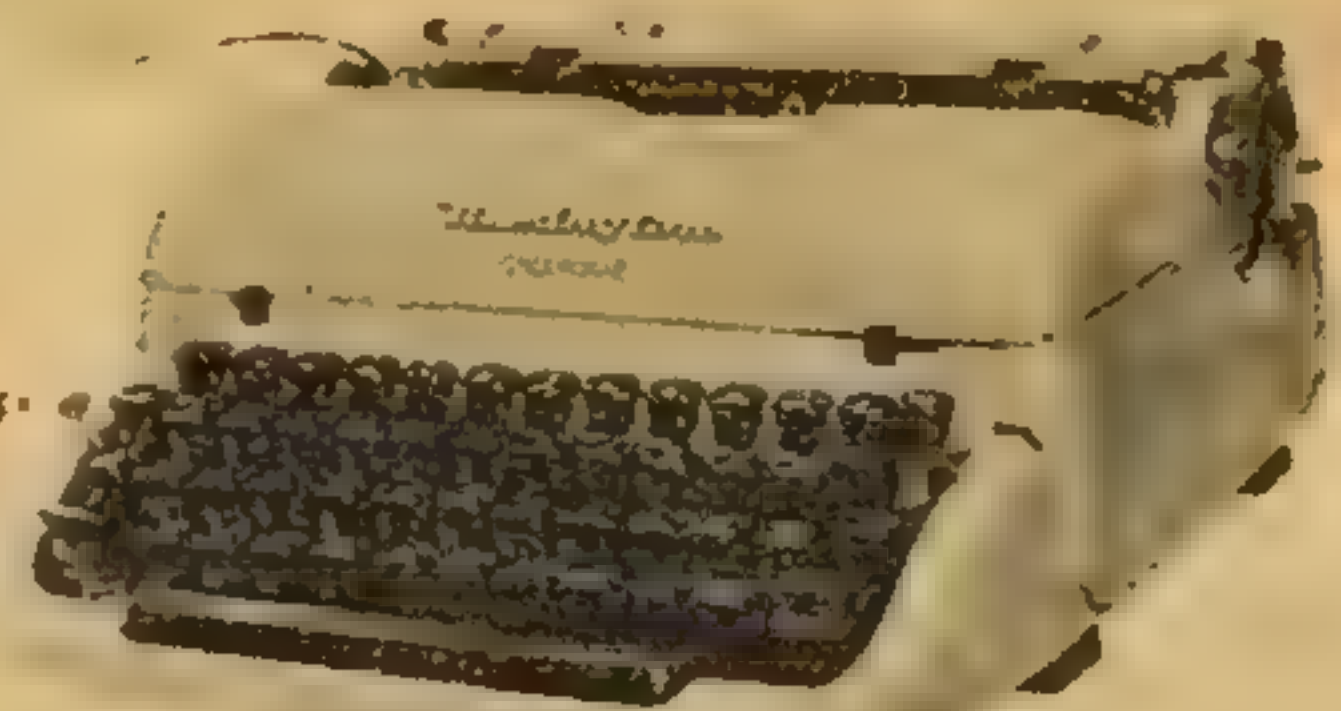
\$1.00  
a  
week

You  
can earn

\$\$\$ money at home in spare time with

Remington Rand's portable "Quiet Riter." Typewriter will pay for itself and even make you a weekly profit if you use tips in the booklet called "How To Earn Money At Home." You pay \$1 when you order the typewriter, and \$1 a week for 34 months. Complete with a beautiful, sturdy case. Send \$1 to:

SLOAN and PETERS CO., Dept. 286  
403 Market St., Newark, N. J.



MAKE \$500\* EXTRA  
In your spare time



\*Many of Sun-  
shine's dealers  
earn \$500.00 or  
more each year.

Show your friends Sunshine's outstanding nationally advertised 24 card "Everyday" ensemble (tall, petite, & square cards). Sells for only \$1.00 — worth much more — cannot be purchased in stores. Luxurious cards that sell on sight. Special Fund Raising Plan for Churches, Club, etc. Get full details! Write today for complete details and samples on approval!

SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, INC.

30 WARWICK ST., SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.  
West of Rockies, write Pasadena 1, Calif.



FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME!

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time training covers big choice of subjects. Friendly instructors; standard texts. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE catalog!

WAYNE SCHOOL Catalog HAL-30  
2527 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois

FREE WEDDING CATALOG

Everything for the Wedding & Reception!  
Invitations • Gifts for the bridal party  
Table decorations • Trousseau items  
Unusual, exciting personalized items.

ELAINE CREATIONS

Box 824 Dept. E-118  
Chicago 42, Ill.

Write

Help your  
Heart Fund



Help your  
Heart

## ARE THEY RIGHT FOR EACH OTHER?

continued

stayed a little longer at the studio to look at the day's rushes."

Bob visited the set of "Marjorie Morningstar" whenever it was possible, watched avidly every scene Natalie made, applauded wildly and often congratulated her with a kiss and a hearty, "That's my girl!" To the vast amusement of all the members of the cast and crew, we might add.

And when the "Morningstar" company went on location at Schroon Lake in New York, it was interesting that Bob "just happened" to have business which took him East, so that he could visit Natalie there.

She wears a little elephant hair ring which he gave her, although she says it isn't an engagement ring... and we imagine it is not. But it is a very affectionate good-luck token, as almost everyone knows.

And Natalie has been working as she has never worked at any manual thing in her life before, knitting a wondrous affair which she says is a blanket for Bob's boat. To use on the boat, that is!

There are other symptoms of romance. What other young man sends his girl's mother flowers on "Mother's Day"—unless he means something pretty serious in regard to the daughter?

Moreover, Bob is emphatic in his admiration for Natalie's taste in clothes. "She always looks so 'right,'" he says, "no matter whether we are going to a big, formal affair, or to a small dancing spot or just to cavort on the beach. Natalie seems to be infallible about this. I think she knows things about interior decoration and all sorts of home furnishings, too, although we have not discussed it very much yet."

They lunch together whenever it is at all possible and whoever gets off the set first calls for the other one at quitting



LOOKING into her mirror, Natalie can see a pretty girl with a very rosy future.

time when they are working on different lots. Otherwise they meet later on for an evening date.

They try to give each other unexpected presents... as when, for a surprise, Natalie sent Bob's dog, a golden retriever, to a dog school for special training, while Bob was away. She couldn't have pleased him more. And there was the mink stole which Natalie had bought for herself on "time payments." Bob brought her the receipted bill for the full amount with the simple notation, "Because I love you."

Neither of them was amused when some pals of Bob's plastered his dressing room, in his absence, with still pictures of Natalie in Tab Hunter's arms... stills from some old pictures. It just didn't seem funny to this so-very-much-in-love pair.

They have agreed not to advise one another on career problems. But Bob wouldn't okay the records he made recently until Natalie had heard them and given her approval. Just what the recording company thought of this we don't know.

What are their chances for happiness if they should marry? (And we're betting that they will!)

They are both fairly young as years go, but they have both been engaged in an industry which ages people early, as a rule. They have learned early of the ferocious competition in Hollywood and they have seen love and marriage destroyed by that competition between the sexes. They have both dated many others and come to know numbers of fiercely ambitious young people, people of their own kind and of their own ages. They should know pretty well what the odds are.

We think that if they decide that they love one another and decide to try marriage... their chances for happiness are good. Don't you?

END



BEFORE Natalie and Bob decided to wed they wanted to make sure it would work.



# Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

be bridged, do the wedding bells chime—clung, clung, clank. Another Ranger, Peter Brown, goes for a small lass of Scotch once too often and finds Venetia Brown habit-forming. But the most shook up of them all is Lt. Edward Byrnes—the West Pointer who missed the point. He's an unadjusted new replacement who needs Etchika Choureau to teach heem dot money cahn't buy everyzing. For some reason, this makes him a better soldier, too. Standing above all this, and understandably, is Colonel Darby, played by James Garner. When this shows the Rangers as a fighting team rather than boudoir blitzers, it's a fairly good action picture. (Warner Bros.)

## Lafayette Escadrille

SINCE hardly anyone will notice the exceptional data on the training of the first fighter pilots because of Tab Hunter nuzzling Etchika Choureau, perhaps it's best to treat this as a romantic interlude. A rebel, Hunter joins the famous squadron of World War I made up of young American men to be trained as aviators by the French. Unable to cope with discipline, Hunter finally deserts and flees to Etchika—a trinket he found in a red-lit Paris boite. Hunter is forced to stay cooped up in her apartment. At first, flight training was never like this, but anything can become monotonous if a man can't support the woman he loves. Hunter sneaks out and gets a job of sorts—there's a nasty name for it . . . maybe we better go back to talking about planes. Anyhow, this is the sort of story that would have been better preserved for a stag reunion where its telling would be appropriate. On the screen it's just a dull, unpleasant movie—surly and soiled. (Warner Bros.)

## I Married A Woman

ALL sorts of giddy marital mix-ups plague the happy(?) home of Diana Dors and George Gobel. A mother-to-be, Diana seems endowed with every necessary fixture other than intelligence. She can't get around to telling ad agency executive Gobel of their impending parenthood, which sort of evens the score since Gobel can't get around to telling her they face poverty if he can't dream up a new gimmick for their largest account. Suspecting that her spouse's distant stares are disinterest, Diana starts a campaign to make him jealous. Her idiotic behavior incredibly enough nets her a cruise, diamond necklace and a penitent, wiser husband. Adolphe Menjou sparks things considerably as Gobel's boss, and John Wayne in color and black and white adds a soupçon of unexpected whimsy. (RKO.)

## The Admirable Crichton

IN 1906, life was scaled to a more charming pace, especially if you had money. When wealthy Cecil Parker, spurred by nobler thoughts, attempts to indoctrinate his staff of servants, headed by butler Kenneth More, in the joys of democracy, the results are disastrous. In fact, it's deemed advisable he take his family off on a lengthy cruise until the scandal blows over. En route to forgetfulness on their yacht, a storm interrupts. Parker, his three daughters, two of their fiancées, More and a serving girl, Diane Cilento, are cast away on a desert island. In time, the wheel turns. Resourceful and adaptable, More soon heads the small group. Everyone is delighted with the arrangement but the idyll is interrupted on the brink of More's marriage to one of Parker's daughters. A rescue ship arrives. Delightful comedy. (Columbia.)

## Flood Tide

WHEN a man is accused of murder and sent to prison on the testimony of Michel Ray, a 10-year-old boy crippled by a spinal injury, Engineer George Nader rushes back to the States from his job in Venezuela. Still in love with Michel's mother, Cornell Borchers, Nader has gone through enough with them to have every reason to suspect the boy is lying. In a complex mother-son relationship that had developed since the accident in which the boy's father was killed, Nader thinks he sees a clue to why the boy is so mentally disturbed. Quietly, he starts a campaign to gain Michel's confidence, and though he had failed once before, he succeeds this time. Average drama. (Universal-International.)

## The Girl Most Likely

LOOKING as pert and pink as ever, Jane Powell demonstrates what a small-town girl can do to accumulate fiancées if she sets her mind to it. Engaged to enterprising realtor Tommy Noonan doesn't prevent Jane from some Technicolored wool-gathering about marrying a millionaire. So when a small-sized private ocean liner, owned by Keith Andes, docks in the bay, Jane loses no time in introducing herself. Leaping from a ferry, victory seems almost assured when she's rescued by someone in the yacht's launch. Unfortunately, instead of Andes, her rescuer is Cliff Robertson who repairs marine engines. It takes time, and another proposal before Jane meets the real Andes and sails off triumphantly to Mexico for a gay whirl. A cream-puff sort of treat, with several very clever and exuberant dance numbers. (RKO.) **END**

Reducing Specialist Says:



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Is. City, N. Y.

# LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

# REDUCE

most any part of the body with

# SPOT REDUCER

FIRMS FLABBY TISSUE

# REDUCE

WHERE

YOU MOST WANT TO REDUCE!

HIPS!

THIGHS!

WAIST!

TUMMY!

LIMBS!

# SPOT REDUCER

- LOOK better!
- SLIM where you want!
- REDUCE measurements!
- INCHES go away!
- RELAX! BE ATTRACTIVE!

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or starvation diets. No steam-baths, drugs or laxatives.

FOR ACES AND PAINS DUE TO OVEREXERCISE!

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE with a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!**

**TONES SAGGING SKIN!**

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once. **LOSE INCHES** wherever you most want. Soothing, relaxing, makes you look better . . . goes to work on lazy muscles, flabby tissues, sagging skin. Works magic on measurements you're most worried about with sensational **MASSAGE**. Almost overnight you feel refreshed, slimmer. Easy, relaxing, safe, acts on fatty tissue and poor blood circulation . . . is a wonderful help for overweight where massage is indicated. **DON'T** envy the slender girls . . . **BE ONE YOURSELF!** Losing inches you don't want . . . improves your appearance . . . makes you appealing.

**FREE** A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

only **\$2.98**

**BODY MASSAGER CO., DEPT. A-584**  
403 Market, Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once for \$2.98 cash, check or money order, the De Luxe Model "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



# I'LL BET \$1.00

## YOU'LL MAKE MONEY SHOWING MY DRESSES!



My dresses are so stunning, so up-to-the-second in style, such wonderful values... that I'll "bet" \$1.00 your friends and neighbors won't be able to resist ordering them from you. What do you risk in this friendly "bet"? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! And, you can earn up to \$1.50, \$2.00... even \$5.00 in an hour, plus beautiful dresses of your own selection as an extra reward.

**YOU DON'T RISK A SINGLE PENNY—NOW OR EVER**

Nothing for you to buy! No experience needed. If showing my gorgeous creations doesn't bring you easy money, just write and tell me so. I'll promptly send you a crisp, new \$1.00 bill for my having lost the "bet." If I win—well, you'll win, too, because you'll be making spare-time money for things you've always wanted. Write today for FREE Fashion Kit. PH. MEYERS, Textile Bldg., Dept. Z-3027, Cincinnati 2, O.



## HANDS TIED?

**—because you lack a  
HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA**

**Many Finish in Spare Time at Home**

If you did not finish high school, here is your opportunity. Go as fast as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work. Prepares for college exams. Standard texts supplied. Single subjects if desired. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE 61st Year Booklet. Get important facts at once.

American School, Dept. H35, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

**TROUBLED  
WITH  
UNWANTED  
HAIR?**

**MAHLER'S INC.**

Dept. 298-C  
PROVIDENCE 15, R. I.

You needn't be! Now you can remove unwanted hair forever—in the privacy of your home—with the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator! Acclaimed by thousands of women who have discovered how Mahler destroys the hair root permanently! By following our instructions you, too, can learn to use the Mahler safely and efficiently! Positive money-back guarantee! Act today!

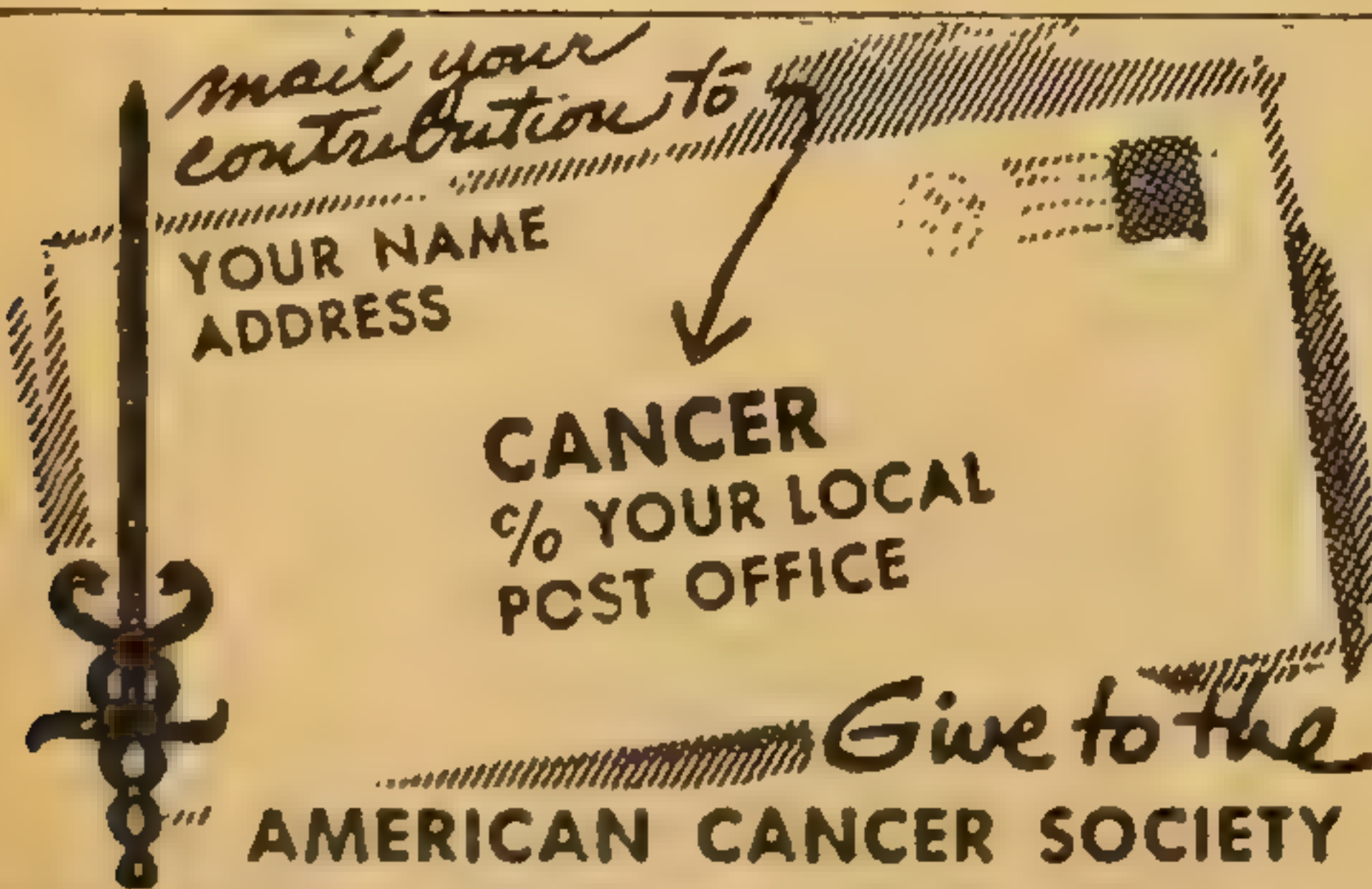
Send 5¢ for illustrated 16-page booklet "New Radiant Beauty!"



## DON'T COME TO HOLLYWOOD EX-AGENT TELLS TEENAGERS:

You'll waste valuable years seeking success and work UNLESS you've learned Hollywood secrets. First get this exclusive casting list of Movie, TV and Talent Agencies and you'll be in the know. Learn HOW to contact Agents before you come to Hollywood. Confidential studio secrets are yours for only \$1.00. Mail your Dollar TODAY to:

**RIC TURNER, 5880D Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.**



mail your  
contribution to  
YOUR NAME  
ADDRESS

**CANCER  
% YOUR LOCAL  
POST OFFICE**

*Give to the*  
**AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY**



## WE'VE GOT 'EM ALL

Beautiful GLOSSY photos of movie stars and scenes from All movies. 8x10 Bk&Wht 25¢ ea., color 50¢ ea. FREE lists and catalog on request. Candid 4x3 photos 7-50¢, 15-51

**SPECIAL COLOR OFFER NOW ONLY—25¢ each**

James Dean, Rock Hudson, Marlon Brando, Kim Novak, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Liberace, M. Monroe, Char. Heston, Judy Garland, Gordon MacRae, Grace Kelly, Tab Hunter, Guy Madison, Esther Williams, Alan Ladd, Bob Wagner, Wm. Holden, Susan Hayward, Ed Fisher, Deb Reynolds, Audie Murphy, Jack Palance, Liz Taylor, Hugh O'Brian, Audrey Hepburn, John Ray, Jean Simmons.

BRUCO ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 56, Dept. S-1  
Times Sq. Station, New York 36, N. Y.

# Tony Perkins' Hollywood Discoveries

continued from page 29

Persuasion' and my next picture, 'The Lonely Man,' was vastly different. The same care and preparation that went into the former was conspicuously missing in the latter. 'The Lonely Man' was one of those pictures that was a business proposition and not a work of art. When they wrote the screenplay, they didn't, of course, plan to send it to the Cannes Film Festival. But after the preview I discovered the full meaning of that local expression—you're only as good as your last picture!"

Romantically speaking, Tony's favorite dates have included such sweeties as Venetia Stevenson, talented newcomer Susan Oliver and Gary Cooper's lovely daughter, Maria. For some unexplainable reason (to Tony), he hasn't seen much of Maria for some time. When she isn't out of town, she just happens to be busy when Tony calls. It could be coincidence. Then again, it's possible the Coopers decided their sheltered daughter was being overly-exposed in Tony's spotlight of attention. The suggestion of such a situation startles him.

"It never occurred to me," Tony sighs. "I hope I don't make this discovery, too, but if I do, I'll be sincerely sorry. This is something you really can't control and it's pretty discouraging when you're forced to slip into an out of the way place for a quiet date with a nice girl. But the second you step inside Ciro's or Mocambo, in Hollywood, it has to be a hot romance. This is true, even if it's your first date with the girl!"

WHILE he saved nickels, dimes and dollars, Tony drove around in a rented car. Finally he accrued a substantial down payment on a powder blue Thunderbird and it was a pretty proud moment in Tony's life. Driving back to his new apartment above the Sunset Strip, he came to a red light. A car driven by an actor he'd pounded pavements with in New York, pulled up next to Tony. He could feel a pair of accusing eyes staring at him.

"Well, Tony," the actor called out, "I see you've finally gone Hollywood!" The red light turned to green.

"Yeah, that's right," Tony shot back over his shoulder, "I sure have gone Hollywood." It didn't upset him or even annoy him, but it did cause him to comment about it later on when he recalled the incident.

"If a shoe clerk or a bookkeeper buys a new car, no one gives it a second thought. But when it's an actor, in this case an actor who'd never owned a car before—he's accused of going Hollywood. Who accuses him? The same ones who say that he has the first penny he ever earned!"

Today in Hollywood, good roles in



"I'M not pushy or impatient regardless of what some people may think," says Tony.

fine pictures are at a premium. But such top troupers as Bill Holden, Marlon Brando, Don Murray and Paul Newman are in constant demand. Tony Perkins fits right into this category. His unreleased pictures are "This Bitter Earth" (made abroad), "Desire Under The Elms" with Sophia Loren, and "The Matchmaker" with Shirley Booth. Tony's now back on Broadway for a refresher course in "Look Homeward, Angel." Not a bad record for a two-year try and we're not overlooking Tony's poignant portrayals in "The Friendly Persuasion" and "Fear Strikes Out." After his stage stint he's due back for more films.

"I've found out many revealing things about Hollywood and myself," Tony sums up the score. "I love my work, I've been lucky and I'm grateful. Maybe because I grew up feeling rejected during private school days, there is a need for approval whenever it's warranted and possible. However, only a supreme egoist would expect it consistently in a competitive town like Hollywood. My career, my peace of mind and my personal survival are most certainly not dependent on anything quite so ephemeral as that.

"The first time I came to Hollywood (it was in 1952 when he actually screen-debuted in MGM's "The Actress") it was like walking on 20 feet of snow in snow shoes. There was no place for me. I wasn't needed or wanted, but when I came back the second time, it was vastly different. There was a job waiting with good billing and excellent salary. So I took off those snow shoes and went in with both feet. This, I've discovered, is the only way to do it!"

**END**



# Bargain Wife

continued from page 50

Eventually part of the furniture (which Eddie hadn't really seen until then) was installed in the house, the rest remaining in storage. And Eddie, looking at these substitutes for his wife's stole, didn't like them. He is, after all, a man who likes the modern mood and these things certainly didn't fit in with his ideas.

"Put these things in the basement!" he would request, pointing at Debbie's favorite chairs. So down to the basement they would go.

Next morning Debbie would patiently bring them back up and place them, unostentatiously she hoped, here and there in the big living room. "If I sort of scatter them," she mused, "he'll get used to them and not even notice them." Eddie would come home and bristle over again, "I thought I said to put those things in the basement." And it would all begin again.

Finally Debbie gave in and agreed to try to sell the furniture at auction. It didn't sell. Then she placed an advertisement in the papers. Still no takers. ("And no wonder!" said Eddie, with a knowing look.)

But finally, to the utter amazement of both of them, an antique dealer agreed to take them off their hands . . . and at a profit to boot.

"This was a real shock to Eddie," Debbie confided, "but it does prove that I wasn't impractical after all. Of course, it took a little time . . . And of course he bought me the mink coat, anyway . . .

"But . . ." and here she looked a little sly and amused, "I've still saved four of those chairs. I'm going to have them recovered and put them in the new house and I'm sure he won't recognize them once they're finished!"

She is having a wonderful time planning to redecorate the new house as well as the small place they have bought in

Palm Springs. That is another of her practical ideas.

"You see," she explains, "we adore the hot weather and we'll stay there in the off-season when no one else wants to be in the desert. Then perhaps we'll rent it in the winter to people who *don't* like hot weather. It will probably pay for itself through the years and then it will be all our own!"

With all this redecorating enthusiasm she haunts second-hand shops, antique shops and especially junk shops. At the moment she is especially interested in wrought iron, the lovely, lacy designs one sometimes finds even in abandoned garden gates. She has some plans for those gates at the Palm Springs house.

Moving has posed a few problems for the Fishers in the matter of their personal belongings.

"Eddie," says Debbie, admiringly, "sorts out all his things every so often and discards what he won't be needing, so his cupboards are all tidy. I just can't bear to do that. I have dresses I've owned for ten years and I can't bear to throw them away. They do accumulate and they do pile up." She sighed.

"I save other things, too. String and wrapping paper and especially Christmas boxes and ribbons. Eddie will say, 'What are you going to do with those boxes and bows? There are so many! Where are you going to keep them and what for?'

"All I can think of is that they may be nice to have next Christmas. They will save me having to shop for them."

"Meanwhile," he says, "look at the space they'll take up. And we'll have to move them, too, to the new house. And probably not one box will fit the gift that you want to wrap next year."

"The trouble is that I'm sure he's right but somehow I can't bear to part with these things when they seem so bright and almost new. It's just something in me, I guess."

"Sometimes," she added, wistfully, "it just isn't so practical to be practical, after all."

However, Eddie does have his little weaknesses, too.

"We don't dare let him know when a door-to-door salesman is here," says Debbie. "Especially those brush people. He wants everything they have and he buys them, even if we have the identical things in the kitchen cupboards. I guess it's because their catalogs and samples are so very attractive."

Debbie admits that she is sometimes extravagant where Eddie is concerned . . . and Carrie Frances.

"You have to splurge a little bit on people you love . . . sometimes . . ." she admits. "After all, you have to have some fun, don't you?"

END



Political cartoon from "The American Past" by Roger Butterfield, Simon and Schuster, Inc., publishers.

## BELVA LOCKWOOD For President!!!

She was small and slender and very handsome in her new blue gown as she stepped onto the roughhewn platform. Above her, flags snapped against the summer sky. Before her, the lady delegates of the Equal Rights Party stood up and cheered.

Belva Anne Lockwood accepted their cheers, and their nomination, to become in 1884 the woman who ran for the Presidency of the United States.

A gallant choice she was, too. Defying massive prejudice, she had fought for and won a college education, a law degree—the first ever given an American woman, and, finally, the right to plead cases before the Supreme Court. (Where, among other triumphs, she won a \$5,000,000 settlement for the Cherokee Indians.)

She didn't expect to be President; that wasn't her point. She would run to make America conscious of women's right to political equality. And run she did. Ridiculed in the press, hooted on the street, even denounced by fellow-suffragist Susan Anthony, she nevertheless received 4,159 popular ballots from six states.

More important of course, she dramatized, as no one else had, women's battle for the right to vote.

Before Belva Lockwood died, her fight was won and America had gained the strength of millions of new "first class citizens," her women. That strength today mightily reinforces the living guarantee behind one of the world's soundest investments—United States Savings Bonds. It is one more reason why you *know* that in America's Savings Bonds your savings are safe and your return is sure. For real security, buy Savings Bonds, through Payroll Savings or at your bank.

**Now Savings Bonds are better than ever!** Every Series E Bond bought since February 1, 1957, pays 3- $\frac{1}{4}$ % interest when held to maturity. It earns higher interest in the early years than ever before, and matures in only 8 years and 11 months. Hold your *old* E Bonds, too. They earn more as they get older.

**SAFE AS AMERICA . . . U.S. SAVINGS BONDS**

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.



**ANTIQUES** are Debbie's second love, and she goes hunting for them whenever she can.





## OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

For rates, write Stewart, 9 S. Clinton, Chicago 6, (WB-FM8)

### OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

\$500 FOR YOUR child's photo, all ages, if used for advertising. Send photo for approval. Returned two weeks. Advertisers, 6000 ABP Sunset, Hollywood 28, California.

FASHION MODELING, LEARN home. Develop Poise, Confidence, Appeal! Big Money Fast! Exciting! Fun! Meet celebrities—Businessmen! Free, Complete Details! Kimmel, 2744 Orland, Cincinnati 11, Ohio.

INVISIBLE REWEAVING: \$5 in one hour possible reweaving burns, tears, moth-holes. Spare-full time. Free Details. Skill-Weave, Dept. C-342, 335 W. Madison, Chicago 6.

DRESSES 24c; SHOES 39c; Men's suits \$4.95; trousers \$1.20. Better used clothing. Free Catalog. Transworld 164-D Christopher, Brooklyn 12, N.Y.

MAKE MONEY AT Home Assembling Our Items. No Tools, Sewing or Experience Necessary. Lee Mfg., 8507-W 3rd, Los Angeles 48, California.

\$200 MONTHLY POSSIBLE, Sewing Babywear! No house selling! Send stamped, addressed envelope. "Cuties," Warsaw 5, Indiana.

SEW OUR READY Cut aprons at Home. Easy, profitable. Free Details. Hanky Aprons, Caldwell 5, Ark.

MAKE MONEY CLIPPING Newspaper Items For Publishers! Newsdraft, PWB-983-E, Main, Columbus 5, Ohio.

EARN SPARETIME CASH Mailing Advertising Literature. Glenway, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

SEW BABYWEAR AT home. We contact stores. Write Tiny-Tot, Gallipolis 30, Ohio.

EARN SEWING PRE-Cut Ties. Write Jud San, Box 2107, Cleveland 8, Ohio, Dept. WB-2.

### MONEY MAKING & BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

ANALYZE HANDWRITING FOR Profit, Pleasure, self-understanding. TV, radio, newspaper columns, teaching, lecturing, court work. Men and women, spare time up to \$50.00 an hour. Amazing opportunities. Your own analysis and Trial lesson free. No children. IGAS, Inc. (1019), Springfield 4, Mo.

\$25 WEEKLY POSSIBLE, sparetime, preparing mailings for advertisers. Temple Co., Muncie 10, Indiana.

GUARANTEED HOMEWORK! IMMEDIATE Commissions! Free Outfits! Hirsch, 1301-41 Hoe, New York City 59.

HOMEWORK. FASCINATING. PROFITABLE. Particulars 3c. Carlstrom, Box 1451, Miami 9, Fla.

### EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 61-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X223, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Station E-2, Atlanta, Ga.

FREE: CATALOG! HUNDREDS of subjects! Treasure-Site Book Company, 279 South Alden, Philadelphia 39, Pa.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! Details free. Research Association, Box 610-PD, Omaha.

### OLD COINS & MONEY

ONE MILLION DOLLARS Confederate Money in \$10's, \$20's, \$50's, \$100's, etc. Only \$2.98. Limit Four Million For Only \$10.00. Best Values Company, Dept. #M-56, 401 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey.

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete all coin catalogue 25c. Magnacoin, Box 61-WF, Whitestone 57, N.Y.

\$100.00 FOR CERTAIN pennies. Booklet listing prices, 25c. Lincoln Coins, D-78, Glendale, Arizona.

WE BUY ALL rare American coins. Complete catalogue 25c. Fairview, Box 1116-PS, New York City 8.

### PERSONAL & MISCELLANEOUS

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED MERCHANDISE Wholesale Giant Catalog. Send Postcard: Valmart, Whippany 17, N.J.

### FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS

FREE INFORMATION: EARN high pay. All trades. Foreign and USA Job Opportunities. Travel paid. Applications, Write Dept. 61E, National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, N. J.

AMERICAN, OVERSEAS JOBS, high pay, Men, Women. Transportation paid, Free Information, Write Transworld, 200-PW West 34 St., New York 1, N.Y.

### LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW \$50 TO \$500. Employed men and women, over 25, eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Repay in monthly payments to fit your income. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bldg. Dept. WB-2, Omaha, Nebraska.

### HEALTH & MEDICAL SERVICE

NEW DENTURES MADE From Your old false plates. Save \$100. Guaranteed fit. Tru-Grip Laboratories, Dept. E-3, 127 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

### HELP WANTED

ARIZONA EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES. Free Information. Box 10245, Phoenix, Arizona.

Stop being embarrassed  
about your complexion

use **hide-it**  
Duo Cream



**TO HIDE ALL BLEMISHES**

A quick, simple way to hide pimples, scars, freckles, birth-marks, and the shadows under the eyes. In five shades: Light, Medium, Brunette, Rachel, Sun-tan. An excellent velvet-smooth powder base.

Purse size 25c plus tax. Large size \$1.25 plus tax. At all Dime Dept. and Drug Stores.

**NUNAILS CO.** 5251 WEST HARRISON STREET DEPT. M-3 - CHICAGO 44, ILL.

# How Tony Subdued Shelley

continued from page 45

and "cooled" it. Shelley had enrolled there too, as another famous blonde did later, to try and learn a little more from the best teachers she could find. And so it was at the Actors Studio that the historic crash of the irresistible force and the immovable object finally took place—with immediate results.

Shelley, insecure and needing badly to be reassured about her acting, found working with Tony to be the most electric experience of her life. And Tony, who hadn't expected much from the "Hollywood hoyden," found himself reluctantly admitting that there was much, much more to Shelley than he had imagined.

After the first scene there were more. There were also long walks around the slumbering city, deep discussions about their work; parties and coffee-klatches with fellow actors which lasted late into the night. Then early one morning as they looked into each other's weary faces, Tony and Shelley came up against the blunt fact that they had far more to talk about besides acting.

The discovery cut across their minds like the icy New York wind that stung their faces. Shelley realized suddenly how much she had come to depend upon Tony. The girl from Brooklyn, who only a few months back had said, "I walked up Broadway and saw my name on five marquees—and I was the unhappiest girl in the world. All I was doing was making the Edison Company rich," had stumbled into a fiery young man who made her feel for once in her life completely ful-

filled. She walked around in a bedazzled daze, feeling to the tips of her fingers a much-loved woman. Her fellow classmates at the Studio had noticed a remarkable change in Shelley's acting, too—a new depth and perception that had grown steadily since she met Tony.

For Tony it was a new sensation, too. With a broken marriage behind him, he found for the first time a woman who understood his passionate intensity and was not baffled by his hunger to act.

And so Shelley, the immovable one, sighed a little, and relaxed and let Tony handle things—from then on.

"I can't tell you how much Tony has helped me," Shelley said, her voice warm and happy. "For instance, in my acting—it's absolutely necessary for an actress to have discipline, if she expects to be a great actress, that is. In Hollywood, I had absolutely no control over myself or my emotions. Because Tony is basically an impulsive person, he has a struggle trying to discipline himself, so he knows exactly what a fight it is for me to do the same thing. I've learned so much from him, watching him with other people. He's such an understanding man. He may not say much but he watches people closely—he doesn't judge them by what they do on the surface."

As an example, Shelley said she'd been raging around their apartment for two days, furious at the world in general. Tony watched all this with a faint, half-quizzical air, then took her in his arms.

"Why do you let things people say

continued on page 74

## \$50 GIVEN AWAY FREE!

To the first 50 readers who fill out this coupon and mail it to us, Screenland will give \$1.00 each. At the same time, you'll have the satisfaction of voting for your favorite stars and helping us to plan our magazine accordingly.—The Editors

● Paste the ballot below on a postal card and mail it to Editor, SCREENLAND, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

My favorite MEN STARS are:

My favorite WOMEN STARS are:

(1) .....

(1) .....

(2) .....

(2) .....

(3) .....

(3) .....

(4) .....

(4) .....

(5) .....

(5) .....

The features I like best in this issue of Screenland are:

(1) .....

(3) .....

(2) .....

(4) .....

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....



More fun,  
more popularity  
delivered right  
to your door!



Every sparkling issue of MISS, the new fashion and charm magazine for girls, is brimming with pictures, up-to-the-minute news and invaluable information on what to wear, hints on glamour, home decorating, and so much more! There's an easy way to make sure you won't miss a single colorful issue — by having MISS delivered right to your home! Just fill out the handy subscription coupon and mail it today. That way you'll be sure to receive every one of the next 12 issues.



**MISS**, Subscription Dept. 3-SL, 10 East 40th St., New York 16, N. Y.  
I am enclosing a check ☐ money order ☐ for \$.....  
for ..... subscriptions (12 issues, \$4.20—4 issues, \$1.40).  
Please enter a subscription to MISS Magazine today for:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

List additional names and addresses for gift subscriptions on a separate sheet of paper and enclose with coupon.  
Subscription rates outside of the U.S., its possessions and Canada are \$6.20 for 12 issues, \$2.25 for 4 issues.



## HOW TONY SUBDUED SHELLEY

continued

affect you so much, lover? That letter from . . . certainly isn't worth all this, is it?"

Shelley was startled, then thoughtful. She'd had a letter from a gossip friend in Hollywood, mentioning a piece of ugly slander which had hurt Shelley. She'd shown it to Tony, then torn it into bits, but the words stayed with her.

"I hadn't been conscious of it, but that's what had been eating away at me like acid for two days. As soon as Tony mentioned it, I realized it *was* silly to go on brooding over something as trivial as that. But he knew how deeply I feel things—even things I thought I'd dismissed from my mind."

Tony has turned out to be a wonderful father as well. To Vittoria, now four and a half, he is a patient listener, a marvelous inventor of stories, a tireless horse for gallops around the house, and—if necessary—a firm but just disciplinarian. Shelley has enrolled her young sprig in a school which is one of New York's best models of progressive education. When Vittoria came home the other day with the unsettling, though normal, question about where she had come from, Tony and Shelley exchanged glances and then rose nobly to the occasion. They read her a book, recommended by the school for just such a moment, which explained simply and beautifully to the inquisitive little girl how she had been created

from her mother's and father's deep love for each other.

"It satisfied her questions completely, and it was such a simple way to tell her. When I think what an embarrassed production some parents put on over such a simple, inevitable question . . . !" Shelley laughed, shaking her blonde head from side to side.

With Vittoria in school and a busy schedule of television for Shelley and a Broadway play in the offing, she is tied to New York for a while. She prefers the stage or live television, because having found the nerve to stand up before a live audience, she now would rather work in those mediums. "There's something about being able to build a characterization and sustain it that I have to have," she said. The piece-by-piece Hollywood method of making a movie, often as not starting from the middle of the film and working out from there, has had it as far as Shelley is concerned.

Tony, however, is a hot acting property in Hollywood just now. After the studios started to read the mail that poured in over Tony's sensitive job as Polo in "Hatful Of Rain," they lost no time in finding other parts for him. His latest one is the co-starring role opposite Anna Magnani in Hal Wallis' "Wild Is The Wind" and he has two more pictures waiting for him.

So for the moment, the Franciosa family must commute to be together. It's hardly an ideal set-up for any newly-married couple, but they can weather it. They've got too much together to let mere geography separate them. **END**



**LUCKY** June Allyson is now the proud owner of a big white Lincoln Continental.

Alfred Hitchcock's explanation of how he gets good performances from his star actresses—which include Kim Novak, Joan Fontaine, Vera Miles and Grace Kelly—"The art is to get them to do nothing, gracefully." . . . Gene Kelly positively bubbles these days with the resurgence of his career. Hits include "The Happy Road," "Les Girls" and "Marjorie Morningstar." . . . Whatever happened to Tab Hunter's plan to marry the French girl whose name is like a sneeze—Etchika Choureau! . . . Marlon Brando and Truman Capote are less friendly—since the writer's amazingly perceptive "New Yorker" story on Marlon.

Greatest change noted in an actress—Doris Day, now so out-going. In previous years, cautious and careful and cantankerous. . . . Dinah Shore is behind Betty Hutton's re-entry into television. Believes she's the greatest. So do I. Which gal? Both. . . . With so much success and security coming Richard Egan's way, you can expect him to let down the bars and announce wedding plans. To whom? Well, he still sees a great deal of Pat Hardy. The gal who gets him will be lucky. . . . Did you know that John Wayne and William Holden are the only two actors today whose pictures always make money regardless? . . . Economy Note: Orson Welles, playing a man of 60 in "The Long, Hot Summer," wore Robert Wagner's eye bags—made of rubber for Bob's Jesse James picture. . . . I'm afraid we've lost Tony Perkins for about two years. His "Look Homeward, Angel" smash Broadway stage hit has a run-of-the-play clause.

And finally, the talk of Hollywood lives in France. I refer to sex kitten Brigitte Bardot. This kitty cat is full grown in the right departments. I hear Frank Sinatra took one long look at her in "And God Created Woman," and offered Brigitte the sun, moon and stars to co-star with him. Personally, I think she's too hot for Hollywood to handle. **END**

## Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

She started off with great energy. But the last week was murder with Judy reported on the verge of a collapse. But well or weak, Judy can do no wrong in Blighty. . . . Diana Dors has signed an eight-week contract for Las Vegas, for a total of \$80,000. She'll need every dime of it, says Di, who expects her divorce from Dennis Hamilton to be very expensive.

Jack Benny turned down the stage lead in "Father Of The Bride," because he prefers to live in Hollywood, and prefers to live, period. The chore, with all his other activities, would have been too exhausting. . . . Errol Flynn has given a lifetime job to his ex-mother-in-law, Mrs. Eddington. She works as his secretary and housekeeper when Errol lives in Hollywood—which is more frequent of late. It's quite usual nowadays to see him with an arm around two young ladies—his daughters. . . . Rosanno Brazzi's wife, Lydia, collapsed from too much dieting. She had lost 20 pounds when the doctor called a halt. . . . True Love Department.

Mitzi Gaynor wept buckets when husband Jack Bean took off for three days of business in the East. It was the first time they had been parted overnight in all the three years of their marriage.

Cary Grant has been asked to un-tan for Technicolor. Against the peaches and cream of his leading ladies, Cary's sun-soaked puss is too much of a contrast. There are plenty of rumors of wobbliness in his marriage with Betsy Drake. But I believe that when a statement is to be made, they'll make no bones about it.

The new star of the year—James Garner, and I do mean "Maverick." . . . But it was sad to see Fess Parker, good ole Davy Crockett, in such a small part in Disney's fine film, "Old Yeller." . . . Are Rhonda Fleming and Doc Lew Morrill calling it a day—again? There were fireworks the last time. Not so this. . . . Frank Lloyd Wright, the master architect, is designing Marilyn Monroe's dream house in Connecticut. One whole wing can be converted into a nursery. Here's luck.



Amazing Introductory Offer from America's Biggest Book Club!

# ANY 3 BOOKS for only \$1

when you join the Dollar Book Club and agree to take as few as 6 best-selling novels out of the 24 to be offered within a year!



## He Found a Princess in His Tub!

The first time Annalee and young Doctor Fyfe met, he found her—unexpectedly—taking a bath in his room! Next, this uninhibited Indian princess shocked him by running away with a Colonel who was hunted as a secret agent. How this stubborn Scottish suitor pursues and finally tames her is among the exciting highlights in *Alabama Empire*, a big, brawling, 512-page novel of America's early years, sweeping from the tropics to New York!

### Choose Any 3 of these Best-Sellers for \$1:

**ALABAMA EMPIRE**—Welbourn Kelley. (See description above)

**AROUND THE WORLD IN 2000 PICTURES**—New two-volumes-in-one! Sail the Seven Seas—view the wonders of 84 lands including our own country—in 832 pages of vivid photos and fascinating reading!

**COLUMBIA-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA**—Two volumes—1,440 pages, 31,000 articles, 1,250,000 words. Up-to-date, covers every field of knowledge! Illus.

**ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN AMERICAN HUMOR**. 700 pages of entertaining stories, anecdotes, verse, scenes from hit plays, etc.—collected by Bennett Cerf.

**FAIROAKS**—Frank Yerby's newest! Meet dashing Guy Fawks, who won a fortune in the African slave trade and found love among many women—from a beautiful half-breed to a glamorous opera star!

**HAMMOND-DOUBLEDAY WORLD ATLAS**. New edition! Big 9 3/8" by 12 1/4" book, 143 maps and insets—88 in color. 155 photos, plus geographical facts.

**HANDY HOME MEDICAL ADVISER**. (Combined with "Good Housekeeping's" Pocket Medical Encyclopedia)—Ed. by Dr. Morris Fishbein. Includes latest on diet, heart, new drugs, etc. 413 pages.

**JAMES HILTON'S 3 FAMOUS NOVELS** in one book: "Lost Horizon," the original Shangri-La novel of romance, adventure in forbidden Tibet; plus "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Random Harvest."

**THE MAPMAKER**—Frank G. Slaughter. New! From the chains of a Moorish slave galley Andrea Bianco carries a secret that shows him the way to the New World—50 years before Columbus! A tale of iron men and lovely ladies!

**NATURE'S WONDERS IN FULL COLOR**. Thrill to 462 amazing photos of animal life, birds, insects, flowers, underwater life, etc., with fascinating, informative stories. Big 7" by 10" book.

**OUTLINE OF HISTORY**—H. G. Wells. 2 volumes, 1,024 pages. Whole dramatic story of man from earliest times to now. One of the great works of our century!

**SATELLITE!**—Bergaust and Beller. What are earth satellites? How do they work? How will they change our lives? The first book with authoritative, clearly-written answers on a vital subject!

**STORY OF AMERICA IN PICTURES**. 480 pages, nearly 500 pictures with text. The whole history of our country from its beginning to President Eisenhower!

### MAIL THIS COUPON

The Dollar Book Club, Dept., 3-SN, Garden City, New York

Send me at once the 3 books checked below and bill me only \$1 FOR ALL 3, plus a small shipping charge. Also enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member.

- |                                                                      |                                                              |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Alabama Empire (108)                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Hammond-Doubleday World Atlas (63)  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Around the World in 2000 Pictures (67)      | <input type="checkbox"/> Handy Home Medical Adviser (75)     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Columbia-Viking Desk Encyclopedia—set (61)  | <input type="checkbox"/> James Hilton's 3 Famous Novels (77) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor (122) | <input type="checkbox"/> The Mapmaker (139)                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fairoaks (136)                              | <input type="checkbox"/> Nature's Wonders in Full Color (65) |
|                                                                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Outline of History—set (62)         |
|                                                                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Satellite! (140)                    |
|                                                                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Story of America in Pictures (91)   |

Include my first issue of *The Bulletin* describing the new forthcoming one-dollar selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection I accept (plus a small shipping charge) unless I choose an extra-value selection at a somewhat higher price.

**NO-RISK GUARANTEE:** If not delighted return all books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 & Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Please Print

TO RESIDENTS OF CANADA: Selection price \$1.10 plus shipping; address Doubleday Book Club, 105 Bond St., Toronto 2. Offer good in U.S. & Can. D-314

**YOUR** privileges as a Dollar Book Club member: you are offered best-selling novels at the members' price of only \$1 each... the same novels that cost up to \$3.95 each in publishers' editions... by top authors like Thomas Costain, Daphne du Maurier, Frank Yerby, Pearl Buck, and many others. You get complete, full-size, hard-bound editions. You don't even have to buy a book every month. You may take as few as 6 out of 24 to be offered within a year.

An exciting new bonus plan offers other big savings too. And you get a fabulous introductory package when you start—any 3 books on this page for only \$1. Send no money now! Mail coupon at the right to accept this amazing offer.

THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK





# Famous Venida Hair Nets

10 SECONDS TO SAVE HOURS OF RE-DOING TIME!



**NOW AVAILABLE**

Venida Self-Conforming Cap Shape Nets  
Entirely made by hand—without elastic  
All colors and styles, including Grey and White

**25¢** each

## SHEER NYLON NETS

Run resistant superfine mesh, matching elastic edge. Regular, bob and chignon sizes, in styles to conform to every hairdo.

**10¢** each



## CHIGNON HAIRPIECES

Change your hair style in a jiffy with these wonderful handmade, preformed O's, 8's, swirls and curls. All shades and sizes.

**\$1.98** and up



## FINEST BOB PINS

Rubber tip, tension grip. Rounded safety ends can't catch or scratch.

**10¢, 25¢, 50¢**



## FOUNDATION ROLLS

Shape-retaining, featherweight, in sizes and shapes to form any coiffure.

**39¢** and up



HAIR BEAUTY BEGINS AND ENDS WITH VENIDA PRODUCTS. THE RIESER CO., INC., NEW YORK 35, N.Y.

**VENIDA®**

**RULES THE WAVES! At Leading Stores Everywhere**